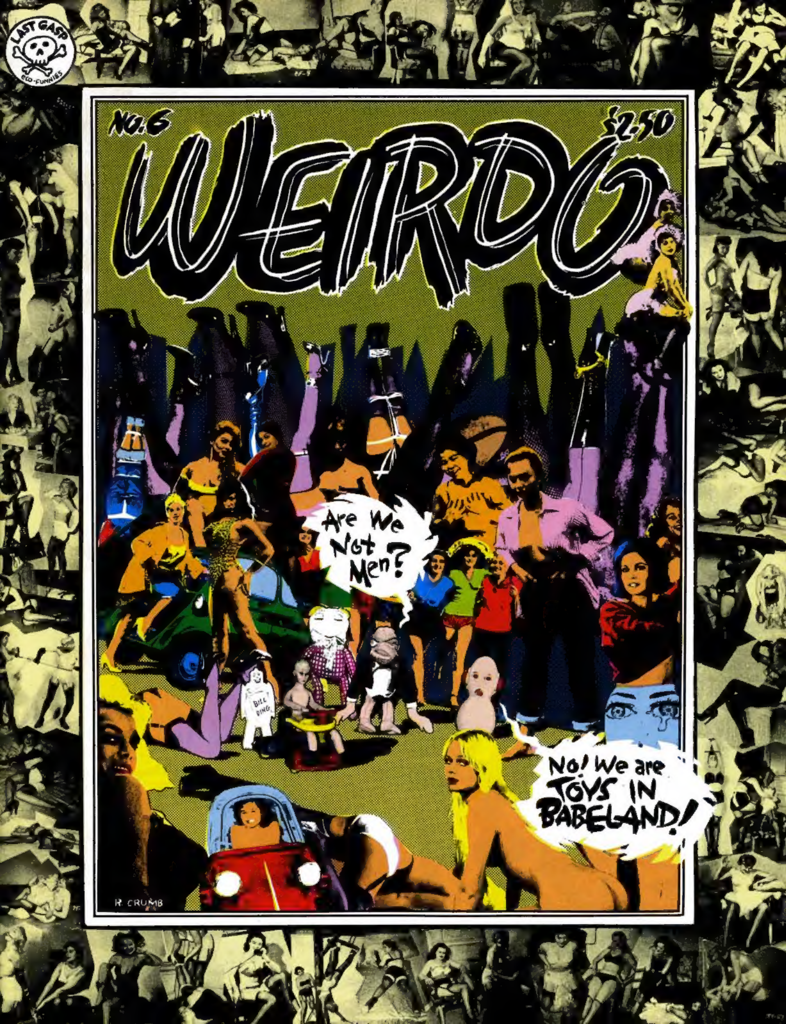
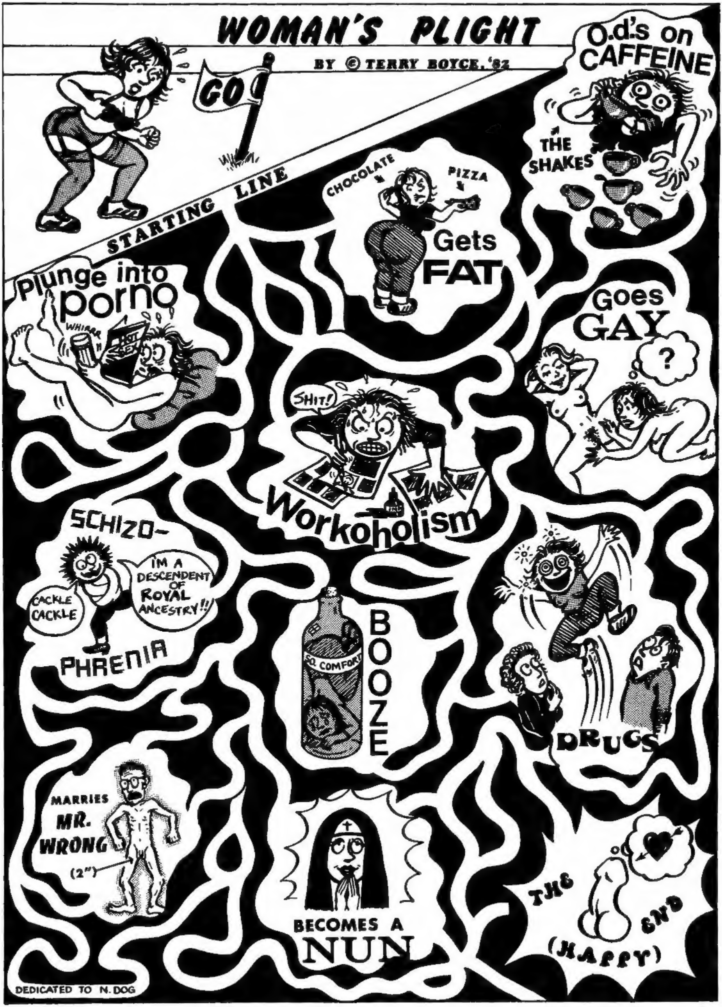
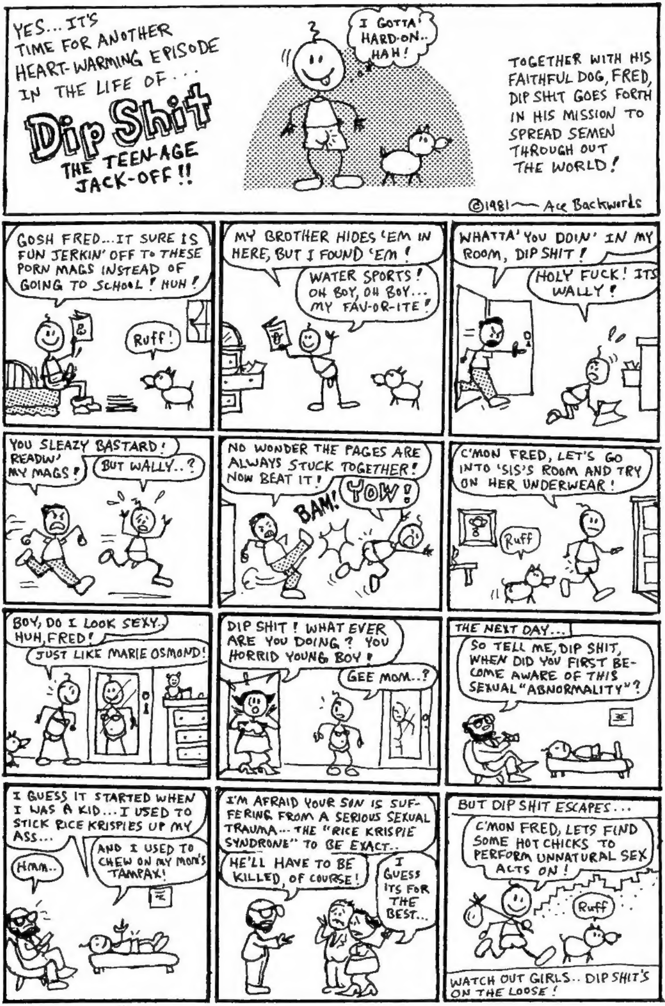
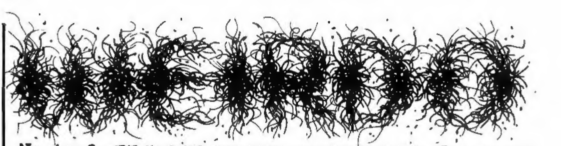

LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
NO. 6
WEIRDO
$2.50
Are We Not Men?
BILL DING
No! We are TOYS IN BABELAND!
R. CRUMB

WOMAN'S PLIGHT

BY © TERRY BOYCE, '82


GO
STARTING LINE
O.d.'s on CAFFEINE
THE SHAKES
CHOCOLATE
PIZZA
Gets FAT
Plunge into porno
WHIRR
HOT SEX
Goes GAY
?
SHIT!
Workoholism
INK
SCHIZO-
PHRENIA
CACKLE CACKLE
I'M A DESCENDENT OF ROYAL ANCESTRY!!
SO. COMFORT
BOOZE
DRUGS
MARRIES MR. WRONG
(2")
BECOMES A NUN
THE END (HAPPY)
DEDICATED TO N. DOG


YES... IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER HEART-WARMING EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF...
Dip Shit
THE TEEN-AGE JACK-OFF!!
I GOTTA' HARD-ON.. HAH!
TOGETHER WITH HIS FAITHFUL DOG, FRED, DIP SHIT GOES FORTH IN HIS MISSION TO SPREAD SEMEN THROUGH OUT THE WORLD!
©1981 — Ace Backwords
GOSH FRED... IT SURE IS FUN JERKIN' OFF TO THESE PORN MAGS INSTEAD OF GOING TO SCHOOL! HUH!
Ruff!
MY BROTHER HIDES 'EM IN HERE, BUT I FOUND 'EM!
WATER SPORTS! OH BOY, OH BOY... MY FAV-OR-ITE!
WHATTA' YOU DOIN' IN MY ROOM, DIP SHIT!
HOLY FUCK! ITS WALLY!
YOU SLEAZY BASTARD! READIN' MY MAGS!
BUT WALLY..?
NO WONDER THE PAGES ARE ALWAYS STUCK TOGETHER! NOW BEAT IT!
BAM!
YOW!
C'MON FRED, LET'S GO INTO 'SIS'S ROOM AND TRY ON HER UNDERWEAR!
Ruff
BOY, DO I LOOK SEXY.. HUH, FRED!
JUST LIKE MARIE OSMOND!
DIP SHIT! WHAT EVER ARE YOU DOING? YOU HORRID YOUNG BOY!
GEE MOM..?
THE NEXT DAY...
SO TELL ME, DIP SHIT, WHEN DID YOU FIRST BECOME AWARE OF THIS SEXUAL "ABNORMALITY"?
I GUESS IT STARTED WHEN I WAS A KID... I USED TO STICK RICE KRISPIES UP MY ASS...
Hmm..
AND I USED TO CHEW ON MY MOM'S TAMPAX!
I'M AFRAID YOUR SON IS SUFFERING FROM A SERIOUS SEXUAL TRAUMA... THE "RICE KRISPIE SYNDRONE" TO BE EXACT..
HE'LL HAVE TO BE KILLED, OF COURSE!
I GUESS ITS FOR THE BEST...
BUT DIP SHIT ESCAPES...
C'MON FRED, LETS FIND SOME HOT CHICKS TO PERFORM UNNATURAL SEX ACTS ON!
Ruff
WATCH OUT GIRLS.. DIP SHIT'S ON THE LOOSE!



Number 6 — THE MAGAZINE WITH HAIRY, SWEATY EYEBALLS!! — Summer 1982

♡ WEIRDO'S ♡ Advice to the Lovelorn

BY PROF. T.E. ZWIGOFF
— B.A. PSYCHOLOGY —

PERSONAL ADVISOR T.E. ZWIGOFF HAS BEEN HELPING PEOPLE SOLVE THEIR INTIMATE PROBLEMS FOR MANY YEARS. NOW EXCLUSIVELY WITH WEIRDO, HIS TIMELY ADVICE GAINS A NEW DIMENSION.

DEAR PROF. Z:

IT ALL STARTED LAST WEEK WHEN I ANSWERED THE PHONE. A MAN SAID, "HELLO, IS THIS THE SUICIDE PREVENTION CENTER?" HE SOUNDED SO UPSET WHEN HE FOUND IT WASN'T THAT I DIDN'T HANG UP RIGHT AWAY BUT RATHER TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO HIM HOW TO FIND THE NUMBER OF THE CENTER. BECAUSE HE SEEMED SO DESPERATE, I WASN'T ABOUT TO HANG UP. IT WASN'T UNTIL AFTER HE SAID, "TELL ME IT FEELS SO GOOD" (AND I THOUGHT HE MEANT LIFE AT FIRST) THAT I REALIZED IT WAS AN OBSCENE PHONE CALL AND HUNG UP. (I DIDN'T GET THE MESSAGE WHEN HE SAID, "I AM REALLY GETTING OFF"—I THOUGHT HE MEANT THE PLANET!) ANYWAY, I KEPT GETTING MORE OF THESE CALLS IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS AND FINALLY FIGURED THAT MAYBE IF I TRIED TO UNDERSTAND THIS GUY AND TALK TO HIM HE'D LEAVE ME ALONE. TO MY SURPRISE, I STARTED TO LISTEN AND SOON GOT MORE TURNED-ON THAN I'VE EVER BEEN! NOW I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO HIS CALLS. AM I SICK?

—SALLY CHEWCRANK

DEAR SALLY:

NO ACTIONS BETWEEN CONSENTING ADULTS ARE WRONG OR SICK. HOWEVER, PROBLEMS SOMETIMES ARISE WHEN FANTASY BEHAVIOR REPLACES ONE'S REAL-LIFE EXPERIENCES. PLEASE SEND ME YOUR PHONE NUMBER AND WE'LL HAVE A BETTER OPPORTUNITY THAN MY LIMITED SPACE HERE PERMITS TO DISCUSS SOLUTIONS TO YOUR PROBLEM.

DEAR PROF.:

I READ "WEIRDO" 'CAUSE OF CRUMB'S STUFF AND CERTAINLY NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE WRITING YOU, BUT I HAVE A PROBLEM THAT SURE FITS YOUR COLUMN.

I JUST MOVED IN WITH MY GIRLFRIEND LAST MONTH AND SHE'S GOT THIS THING ABOUT ME PEEING IN HER TOILET! IT SEEMS THAT ONCE IN A WHILE A FEW DROPS'LL MISS. I DON'T THINK IT'S REALLY ANYTHING TO GET UPSET ABOUT BUT SHE'S ALWAYS GRIPING ABOUT IT. NOW SHE'S DEMANDING THAT I SIT DOWN TO URINATE! I THINK SHE'S BEING PETTY AND BESIDES I FEEL REALLY HUMILIATED PEEING IN THIS MANNER. WHO'S RIGHT?

— TOBIAS GARTEN

DEAR MR. GARTEN:

FIRST OF ALL I'D LIKE TO MAKE IT CLEAR THAT I'M NOT SO SURE YOUR "PROBLEM SURE FITS" MY COLUMN, BUT I'LL RESPOND ANYWAY.

YOUR GIRLFRIEND DOESN'T SOUND OUT OF LINE TO ME. AFTER ALL, WHO WANTS THEIR BATHROOM TO SMELL LIKE A PUBLIC RESTROOM IN A BAD NEIGHBORHOOD?! IF YOU WEREN'T SO INSECURE ABOUT YOUR MASCULINITY YOU WOULDN'T BE BOTHERED ABOUT URINATING IN THE FEMALE POSITION. NOR WOULD YOU FEEL THIS MALE COMPULSION TO "STAKE OUT YOUR TERRITORY" WITH YOUR SMELLY DRIBLETS.

ADDRESS ALL LOVELORN LETTERS TO:
PROF. T.E. ZWIGOFF
290 MULLEN AVENUE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94110

LETTERS to the EDITOR

HEY, Y'KNOW, KIDS, I JUST LOVE PUTTING THIS MAGAZINE TOGETHER! THIS THING IS, LIKE, MY BABY, LIKE, Y'KNOW.... YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW IT'S NOT VERY COMMERCIAL... IT'S NOT REAL POPULAR WITH THE COMIC FANS. IT'S TOO FUNKY AND KINDA SKUZZY... IT LOOKS LIKE IT HAS B.O. OR SOMETHING. BUT I'M STILL PROUD OF MY LITTLE UGLY DUCKLING. LUCKY FOR ME THERE'S STILL A SCATTERING OF INDIVIDUALS OUT THERE WHO DIG WEIRDO FOR SOME STRANGE PERSONAL REASONS OF THEIR OWN... AND HERE'S WHAT THEY'RE SAYING:

Dear Bob (the Sob sister),

I got WEIRDO #5 the other day. "Heroes of Humor" reminded me of tourist traps my family would visit on our summer vacations. It was a good feature but you seem to have overlooked a couple of outstanding examples. The early '70s saw a proliferation of both the bearded "Just Passin' Thru" man and the "Keep On Truckin'" pinheads. I see in your letter column the fans are clamoring for more "Skank, Arms & Bud." Would you be interested in another story? I just finished a rough draft for a new story... It couldn't do anything for WEIRDO except pack in more laffs and as a result bring in more bucks for ye editor.

What was it like growing up with a name like "Crumb"? Kids must have made a lot of fun of you! It's a good thing you became a cartoonist. You couldn't get too far in many other fields with such a name. Maybe you could get work as a male secretary or a telephone operator, but being a business exec or any other position of power or responsibility would be out. Nobody'd ever respect a boss or teacher with a name like "Crumb".

See You Later,
"J.D." King, New York City

P.S. I sort of hate to do this but feel compelled to after WEIRDO #5—TIGHTEN UP ON YOUR EDITORIAL CONTROL!!!! Now that I'm in a position to reject peoples' work (J.D. IS EDITOR OF "STOP!" MAGAZINE IN NEW YORK—ED.) I realize how hard it is to do it BUT you've printed some real GARBAGE.... Get more contributions from real talent...CRACK the whip and get more work from your wife & Armstrong. Also other cronies of yours but ONLY if they'll do top-notch work. NO SLOUCHING!! It's your job to edit & you get paid for it. If you don't want to edit then step down!! I hope you STAY and make WEIRDO a FIRST RATE humor mag. There isn't (national) humor mag today. MAD's sales are WAY DOWN!! Good! They're not funny so why should they sell!!?! Their imitations are going OUT OF BUSINESS!! GOOD! They're even worse, they SHOULD go broke!! The LAMPOON hasn't been funny for a decade. Underground comix are boring, sterile, "Artistic," edjamacational, sold-out, glossy, desperate, anything but FUNNY. So along comes WEIRDO which shows some real promise & now look at Issue #5—what's funny in it? SOME stuff but VERY LITTLE!! GET ON THE STICK!! BUCKLE DOWN!! BE A TYRANT!! YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU DON'T!! You're accepting stuff that I'd reject for "STOP!" and we're just a crummy little "Free! Take One!" adzine. WEIRDO should be on a par with the 1950s MAD, TRUMP, HUMBUG, HELP, ZAP, BIJOU, early LAMPOON, ARCADE or PUNK!! In fact, you should get to be BETTER or die trying. You'll always get a hard-core Crumb following that'll buy it no matter what, BUT if you really want to get beyond that automatic audience you've gotta chop off a few heads and step on a few toes. (I realize that to that guy in Canada this would mean rejecting "Skank, Arms & Bud," but let's face it—he's just a lone nut).

In closing just allow me to say that in summing up what I've said is that I just feel that... you must... that is...GET IT TOGETHER!! We need WEIRDO or something like it!! The future of laffs is in YOUR hands. Good Luck!! Get MEAN!!

WEIRDO WILL NEVER BE A NATIONAL HUMOR MAGAZINE...IT'LL ALWAYS BE TOO ESOTERIC & ARTY TO FILL THAT ROLE.... AND I'M ALREADY MEAN, DON'T KID Y'SELF! HALF THE STUFF I GET IN THE MAIL I JUST TOSS IN THE WASTE-BASKET! I USE WHAT I THINK IS THE MOST INTERESTING STUFF THAT COMES IN. BUT THIS IS NOT A KID'S HUMOR MAG. GROW UP, BUDDY!! STILL, LET'S SEE MORE "SKANK, ARMS & BUD" IN WEIRDO!—ED.

I gotta express my appreciation--"The Unfaithful Husband" is unequivocally the funniest strip I ever read. The 'Sixties 'n' Drew Friedman's stuff is great. I don't like a lot of it—but WEIRDO seems to be the last bastion of comix that need not be dreary, depressing, and didactic. Why have humor and character gone out of style in favor of Cancer comix, etc.? People like the Bunch & others are a national resource—please keep it up.

Your Pal,
T.L. Bolman
Cambridge, Mass.

....The centaur dream thing was quite interest to me. Ever since my own childhood I've used certain other images from Greek mythology as an analogy for personal pondering of the concept of reality-principle vs. pleasure-principle as it applies to me. I think it comes from viewing those Steve Reeves movies of the late '50s/early '60s. All those keen opportunities that Hercules has to have sex with these women—and he passes them up 'cause he has to go look for the Golden Fleece or something. I never could figure the moral of that stuff out. It's kind of like the Child Martyr legend.

— Best,
Jay Lynch
Chicago, Illinois

Dear R.C.

I just read WEIRDO #4 (The "models" were nice lookin' women.) "Story Ob Liddle Brown Rahdin' Hood" was frankly a pretty cheap shot. And you a 9th grade graduate. Grow a little, become a mediocre editor.

—Bruce Sweeney
Boston, Mass.

WEIRDO Number 6, Summer, 1982, is published by LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 212, BERKELEY, CALIF., 94701. FOR ADDITIONAL COPIES AND BACK ISSUES, SEND $3.00 EACH TO PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN U.S.A. ISBN: 0-867-19-144-9
©1982 BY R.CRUMB
FIRST PRINTING: SEPTEMBER '82

Dear Robert Crumb:

...."Pet Penis" by Terry Boyce is a cackle, and, as usual, Kas is as punky as they come. The letters column seems to indicate that your readers (All born after '55 I bet) are turned off by the photo strips. Too bad, in a way. Photo phunnies have a long and venerable history, and the characters in "Beauty and the Pest" are naturals. "Liddle Brown Rahdin' Hood" is more problematic—Yeah, I laughed, yeah, I felt guilty, yeah, it was funny, yeah, it was racist. I worry about the social/political atmosphere that makes Minstrel humor okay again, but dogmatic political correctness is no improvement. Trouble is, the language and situations of the imperiled strata of any society can be played for yuks; downtrodden groups frequently lampoon themselves. But outcasts use the humor in their melodramatic lives as an antidote to their condition, not as an end in itself as "Liddle Brown Rahdin' Hood"....

—Yers Truly,
Milo Miles
Cambridge, Mass.

..."Liddle Brown Rahdin' Hood"—ably done piece of racism. What's the point?

—Bruce Duncan
Berkeley, Calif.

YOU BUNCH OF CANDY-ASSED KNEE-JERK LIBERALS!! BEATINO'S STORY IN #4 IS ***NOT*** *RACIST, EVEN THOUGH IT IS ABOUT RACISM!! TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!! YEAH, IT'S A TOUCHY SUBJECT... YEAH, IT COULD EASILY BE MISINTERPRETED... I KNOW, I KNOW.... TAKE THIS NEXT LETTER, F'R INSTANCE.... —ED.*

Dear Robert:

I don't read underground comics much, but I do happen to like your work.

I want you to know that I liked WEIRDO #4 for its "Liddle Brown Rahdin' Hood" story. The dialect was hilarious, and the little girl was wonderfully sassy.

I also liked the cartoon of the woman whose husband had died, and her lesbian dog quickly brought companionship into her life. Very funny.

The most real and personal story was "Depressed Dora." I'd like to see more of Elinor Norflus' work in your magazine. She's very good. She shows a SUBSTANCE and DEPTH that many cartoonists lack.

As for your story about your wife — she's SO BEAUTIFUL, how could you even consider looking at another woman?! Or weren't you serious?

—Catherine Bryant
Occidental, Calif.

OBVIOUSLY THE MOST TRUTHFUL AND PERCEPTIVE LETTER TO DATE! — ED'S WIFE

Dear R. Crumb;

Read with amusement the so-called "Sub-Genius Convention Report" written by that witless churl Jay Kinney. Fortunately his version of the so-called "mock" "launching" of the bleeding head of Arnold Palmer was purposefully inaccurate enough to deflect certain magicks and pre-vent so-called "amatuer sorcerers" from trying to imitate the launching ritual. Can you imagine the implications and what might happen to the very fabric of our so-called "universe" if every Tom, Dick or Harry who happens to own a bleeding head of Arnold Palmer were to go home and attempt a launching ritual? Oh yes Stang, there were reasons for the mutilation of your so-called "son's" monkey. Reasons which you were only beginning to suspect last Tuesday, and now that both the "Head" and the Hollingsworth Knob are in my possession, all that remains is the Other Dad. In the words of Drilloid Machine: "Pity the universe if Hypercleats captures the "Other Dad."

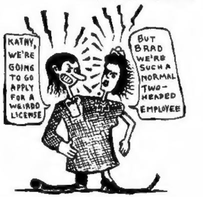
I also enjoyed Weirdo #1 which I managed to obtain by trading one of my worthless Kinney and Mavrides comix, thus bringing me one step closer to world domination. "T.V. Blues" was great, "Suburban Cowgirls" was perhaps the most important masterwork of the 20th century, "Cute Brat Gets Creamed" was obviously a four-page excuse for Crumb to be able to spank her in that last panel.... I've got to run but don't miss "Doctors for Bob's" new hit song, "Told the Judge to Suck My Dick."

—Pope Janor Hypercleats
"He who hath launched the Head",
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear R. Crumb;

Your ideas about music seem better than your ideas for comic-book stories. You should write some music! Then NEW songs would be the best again, and maybe you'd give yourself some new comics ideas. Here's a drawing I made while I was supposed to be working——

—Brad Johnson
San Francisco, Calif.


KATHY, WE'RE GOING TO GO APPLY FOR A WEIRDO LICENSE
BUT BRAD WE'RE SUCH A NORMAL TWO-HEADED EMPLOYEE

Dear Robert;

You must be experiencing some success with your magazine to warrent such frequent publication.

(NOT NECESSARILY! —ED.)

My favorite features (outside of your stuff) are the introduction of obscure artists and cartoonists... I'd like to see some of this stuff in every issue... historical weird stuff. You seem intent on the tradition of photo funnies and had some good-looking babes in issue no. 4. Judging by your mail most of your readers seem unaware of this tradition of graphic story telling—perhaps you'd be doing some of them a favor by reprinting some original early stuff in this vein—I know I'd like to see some.... Bertino's work is pretty good and Armstrong is a strong cartoonist. Friedman's stuff I like, too.

—Kevin P. Coffey
Fairfax, Calif.

REPRINTING OLD PHOTO FUNNIES IS A GOOD IDEA! THINK OF THE TIME AND MONEY I'LL SAVE! LOOK FOR 'EM IN FUTURE ISSUES! — ED.

Dear Bob!

How things have changed since the '60s. You were putting out "ZAP'S" back then and Ronnie was Gov. of Cal.

Now your putting out "WEIRDO" and Ronnie is Pres. of the U.S.A., need I say more?

I too remember, I guess it was '67 or '68 when I first saw your work in the "EAST VILLAGE OTHER." I was in 8th grade at the time and living in urban New Jersey, when I first got ahold of these "underground" papers, from my "hip" 16 year old sis. I looked forward to the "comix" some how the written columns didn't mean much to me, as an effort I could appreciate them and still do for all reasons. But the "comix" there's something special. It's kind of like finding jewels in a mine or going to a national park such as Yosemite enjoying the place, then to end up in "the valley" (before A.D. if possible). The art and the mind find something everyone can share.

From cave paintings in the stone age to the vast collections of ancient Egyptian scroles, tabloides, with most of civilization "etc. tring" right along. The careless viewer, sees odds, ends, and imperfections. While a more careful (or may I use—inocent viewer), can see harvests, famine, love, children, playing, wars & fighting. The coming and going that all of us do. And have done.

It seems to make it all worth wile for someone to take their time and share in a moment, something you or I could never speak to them about. Maybe answer our curiousity, or wonder about something we haven't thought of.

So when you sit down with that pen, as you reflect and attack your paper with lines of loving care. There might be, that is if... well, you know. Many out there just born, and many more who have yet to be born, that will love you as an inocent viewer.

—Yours Sincerely
Pete Morosov
San Francisco, Calif.

THESE ARE MY PEOPLE! —ED.

...Seeing you and Aline in the last panel of the Photo Novella, happy & triumphant over life's exasperating difficulties filled my heart with the warmth attendant to seeing beloved friends in fortunate circumstances! I mean that!

—Jim Woodring

P.S. I hope & trust the little one has arrived & that things are simply wonderful.

YES, THE LITTLE ONE HAS ARRIVED AND IS SHE A LITTLE DEMON! — BUNCH II OVER HERE! —ED.

"THINGS ARE SIMPLY WONDERFUL."

....Your latest issue of your own magazine "WEIRDO" (#3) is one of the hottest and truest statements about that "no hope" thing! In fact, it's the hottest and truest... And on the other side, your new style photografic strips are great: real womans do real thinks with you. You are never this perverted male chauvinist, drawing dirty pictures about imagined womans in the lonelyness of your drawnboard!

....Sorry about my faulty English—but I never learned English in scool but from u-g comics and rock'n'roll lyrics....

Best wishes to you and all the people around there.

—Alban
West Germany

Dear Bob:

I just got a wild hair up my ass and decided to write this letter (and masrage your fucking ego a little bit). Sitting here listening to the new LIVE Otis Reading album (from '66)... do you listen to anything later than '34?

(NOT MUCH! —ED.)

From reading Cat Yronwode's FIT TO PRINT column in The Buyer's Guide for the last couple of years slamming your sexist attitudes in your comics I've almost become brainwashed into thinking that WEIRDO really is a piece of shit... I mean, that's the way SHE makes it sound!

Isn't it incredible how stupid some (supposedly sophisticated) people can be?

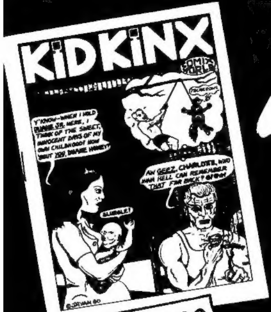
I understand your attitude for "junk" artists completely... you aren't saying these people are Lenny Bruce's heirs, just idiot savants struggling out there by themselves, getting NO RECOGNITION ... so let's give them a couple of pages! Good God! Not everyone can be Jim Davis! (Garfield) hwalp

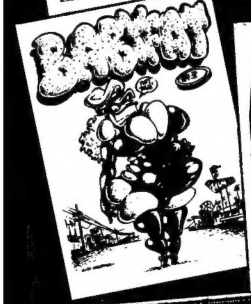
— Dan Fleming
Lawrence, Kansas

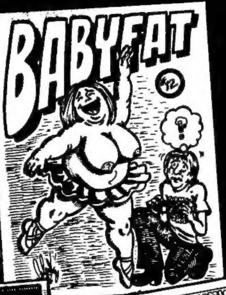
ADDRESS LETTERS OF COMMENT TO:
R. CRUMB, P.O. BOX 533, WINTERS, CALIF. —— 95694

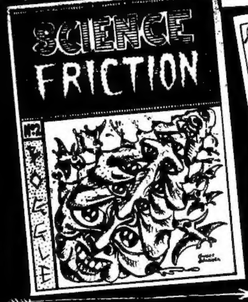
Nu-Wave in Comix

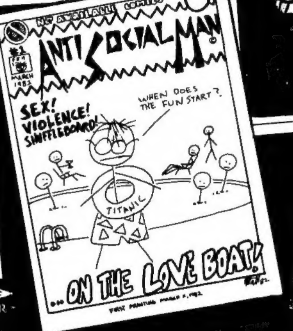
Mini Comix

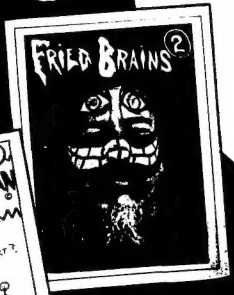

KiDKiNX
COMIX WORLD
Y'KNOW—WHEN I HOLD BUBBIE JR. HERE, I THINK OF THE SWEET, INNOCENT DAYS OF MY OWN CHILDHOOD! HOW 'BOUT YOU, DEAR HONEY?
AW GEEZ, CHARLOTTE, WHO IN HELL CAN REMEMBER THAT FAR BACK?
GLURGLE!
©DRYAN 80

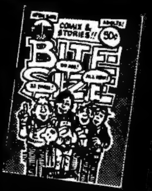





SCIENCE FRICTION
No. 2

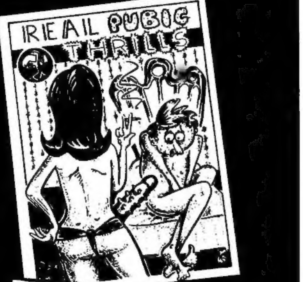

NOT AVAILABLE COMICS
#1
MARCH 1982
ANTI SOCIAL MAN
SEX! VIOLENCE! SHUFFLEBOARD!
WHEN DOES THE FUN START?
TITANIC
...ON THE LOVE BOAT!
FIRST PRINTING MARCH 11, 1982

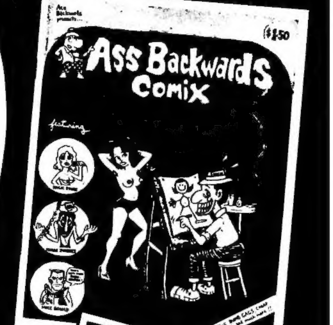

FRIED BRAINS 2

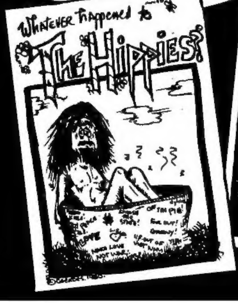

COMIX & STORIES!!
50¢
BITE SIZE

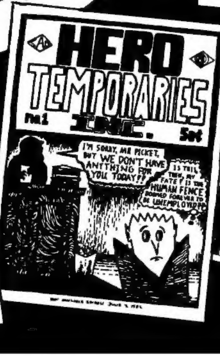
WHAT WITH THE GO-FAST XEROX MACHINES THEY HAVE NOWADAYS EVERYBODY'S PUTTING OUT THEIR OWN LITTLE MAGS AND COMIC BOOKLETS.... **AND WHY NOT?!** TRADITIONAL PRINTING METHODS HAVE BECOME PROHIBITIVELY EXPENSIVE AND ANYWAY MOST OF THIS STUFF IS TOO "OFF-THE-WALL" FOR REGULAR COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION. WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A **FLOWERING** OF SMALL PUBLICATIONS PUT OUT IN PRINT-RUNS OF A FEW HUNDRED AND SOLD LOCALLY OR GIVEN AWAY. THIS HAS TO BE THE "WAVE OF THE FUTURE" (IF THERE IS ANY) FOR "UNDERGROUND" PUBLISHING, AND COMIC BOOKS ARE NO EXCEPTION.

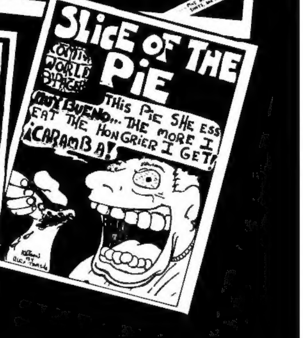
MOST OF THE BOOKS PICTURED HERE ARE NO LARGER THAN 4¼" X 5½" AND EIGHT PAGES LONG. ONE GUY WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR PUBLISHING ALOT OF THEM IS CLAY GEERDES, AND HE HAS 'EM FOR SALE! WRITE TO: CLAY GEERDES, BOX 7081, BERKELEY, CALIF., — 94707


REAL PUBIC THRILLS

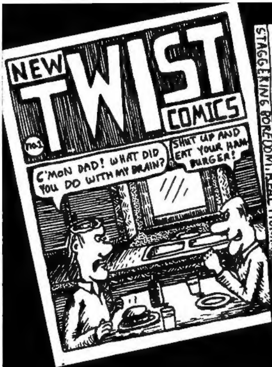

$1.50
ASS Backwards COMIX
featuring

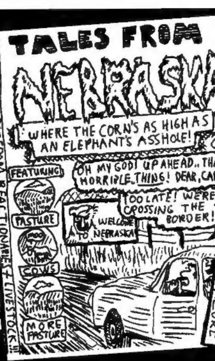

Whatever Happened to The Hippies?

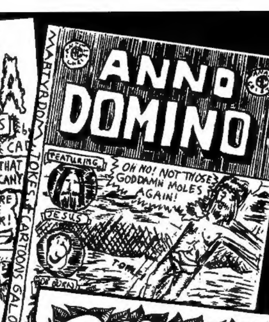

HERO TEMPORARIES INC.
No. 1
50¢
I'M SORRY, MR PICKET, BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING FOR YOU TODAY!?
IS THIS THEN, MY FATE? IS THE HUMAN FENCE DOOMED FOREVER TO BE UNEMPLOYED?!?


SLICE OF THE PIE
COMIX WORLD
MUY BUENO... THIS PIE SHE ESS EAT THE HONGRIER I GET! THE MORE I
¡CARAMBA!

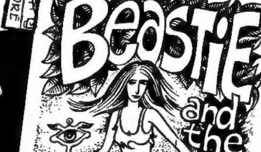
THIS 1 PG. PLUS ABOUT A THOUSAND HILARIOUS ISSUES OF "CYNICALMAN" AVAILABLE FROM: MATT FEAZELL, 2886 JAMES AVE. S., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 55408

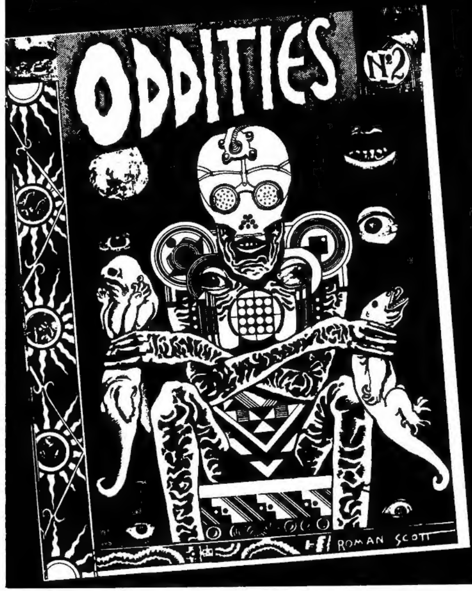

NEW
TWIST
COMICS
No.1
C'MON DAD! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH MY BRAIN?
SHUT UP AND EAT YOUR HAMBURGER!


TALES FROM
NEBRASKA
WHERE THE CORN'S AS HIGH AS AN ELEPHANT'S ASSHOLE!
STAGGERING BOREDOM, REACTIONARIES & LIVESTOCK!!
FEATURING
PASTURE
MOO
COWS
MORE PASTURE
OH MY GOD! UP AHEAD.. THAT HORRIBLE THING! DEAR, CAN'T
TOO LATE! WE'RE CROSSING THE BORDER!
WELCOME TO NEBRASKA

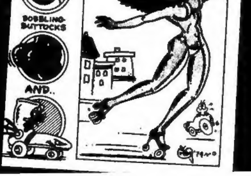

ANNO
DOMINO
MARTYRDOM, TOKES & CARTOONS GALORE
FEATURING
JESUS
OH NO! NOT THOSE GODDAMN MOLES AGAIN!
TOM

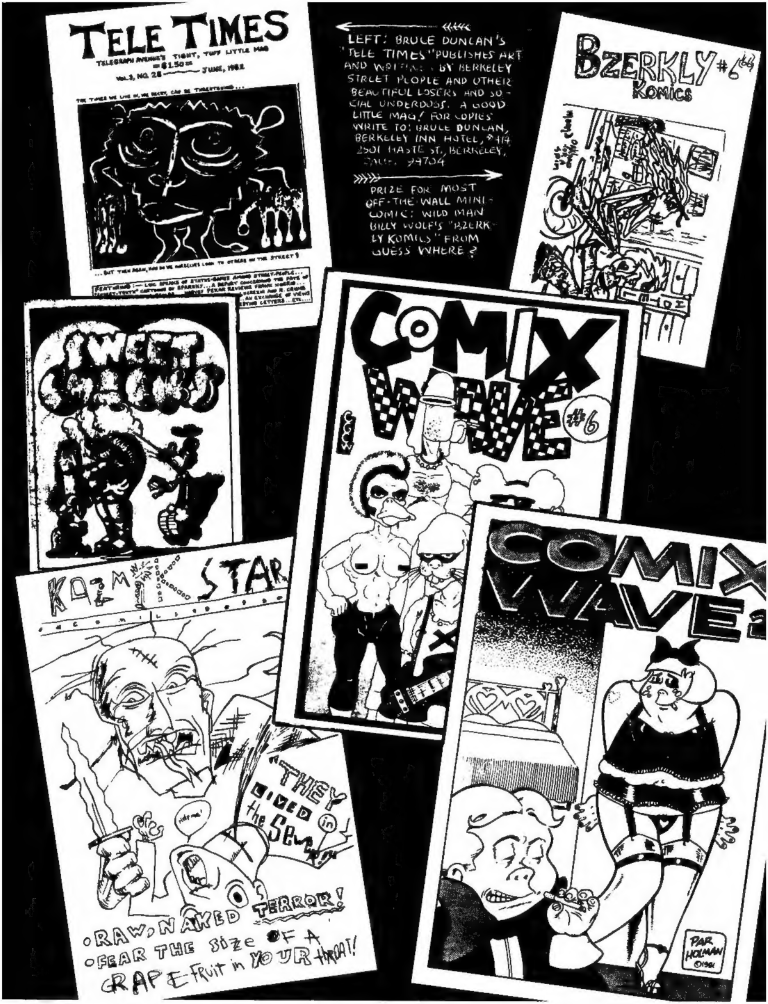
TOP THREE: REGIONAL HUMOR, CRUDE BUT FUNNY, FROM THE MIDWEST, BY CLARK DISSMEYER. HE'S GOT LOTS MORE! 105 N. ESTHER ST, FULLERTON, NE. 68638


Beastie
and the
BoB


ODDITIES
No.2
ROMAN SCOTT

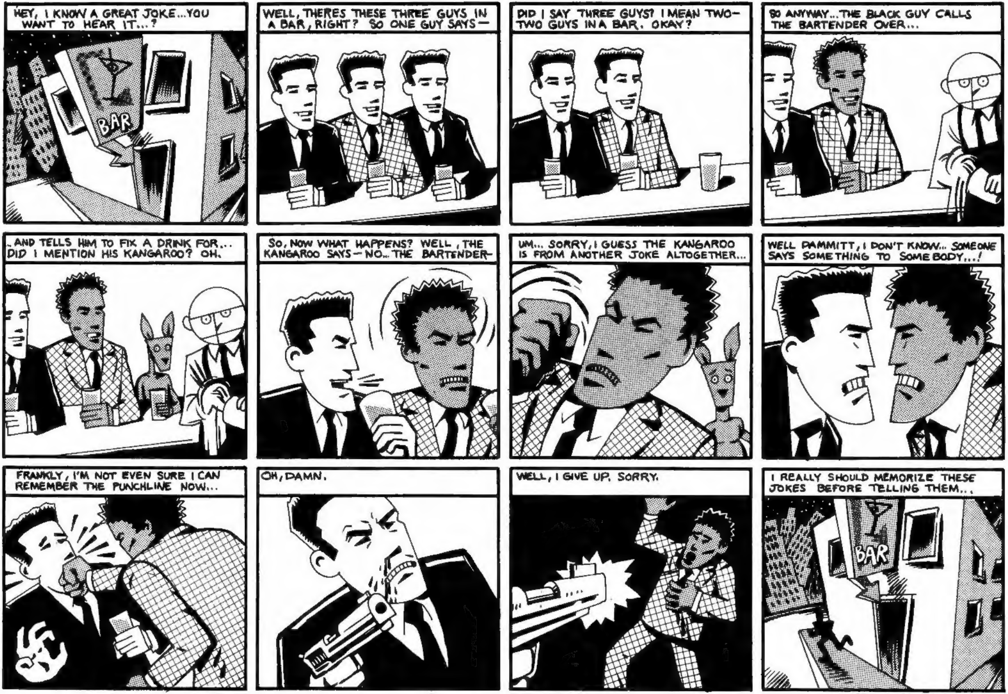
LEFT: PSYCHOTIC LITTLE 'ZINE PUBLISHED BY ROMAN SCOTT, 59330 IDLEMAN, SANDY, OREGON, 97055


Skateboard 1
GIRLS ON THE GO... FOR THE WHEEL MAN!
FEATURING
TUFF TEATS
BOBBLING BUTTOCKS
AND..


TELE TIMES
TELEGRAPH AVENUE'S TIGHT, TUFF LITTLE MAG
$1.50
VOL.3, NO. 28 JUNE, 1982
THE TIMES WE LIVE IN, WE RECKY, CAN BE THREATENING...
...BUT THEN AGAIN, HOW DO WE OURSELVES LOOK TO OTHERS ON THE STREET?
BZERKLY #6 Komics
COMIX WAVE #6
COMIX WAVE 2
PAR HOLMAN ©1981
KOZMIK STAR
"THEY LIVED in the Sewer!"
RAW, NAKED TERROR!
FEAR THE SIZE OF A GRAPEFruit in YOUR throat!

LEFT: BRUCE DUNCAN'S "TELE TIMES" PUBLISHES ART AND WRITING BY BERKELEY STREET PEOPLE AND OTHER BEAUTIFUL LOSERS AND SOCIAL UNDERDOGS. A GOOD LITTLE MAG! FOR COPIES WRITE TO: BRUCE DUNCAN, BERKELEY INN HOTEL, #414 2501 HASTE ST., BERKELEY, CALIF. 94704

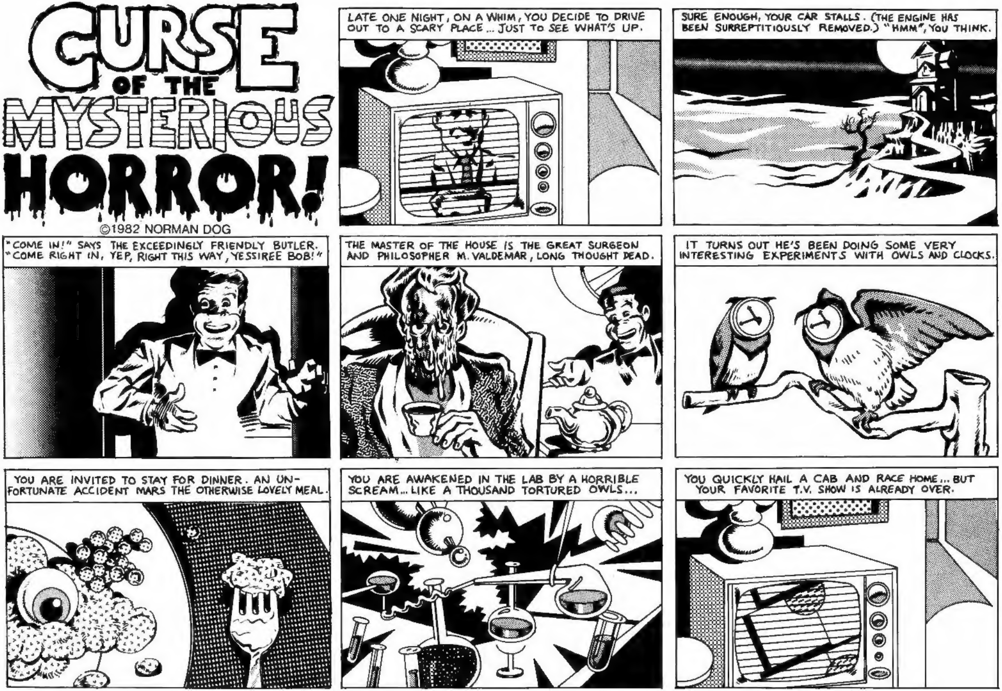
PRIZE FOR MOST OFF-THE-WALL MINI-COMIC: WILD MAN BILLY WOLF'S "BZERKLY KOMICS" FROM GUESS WHERE?

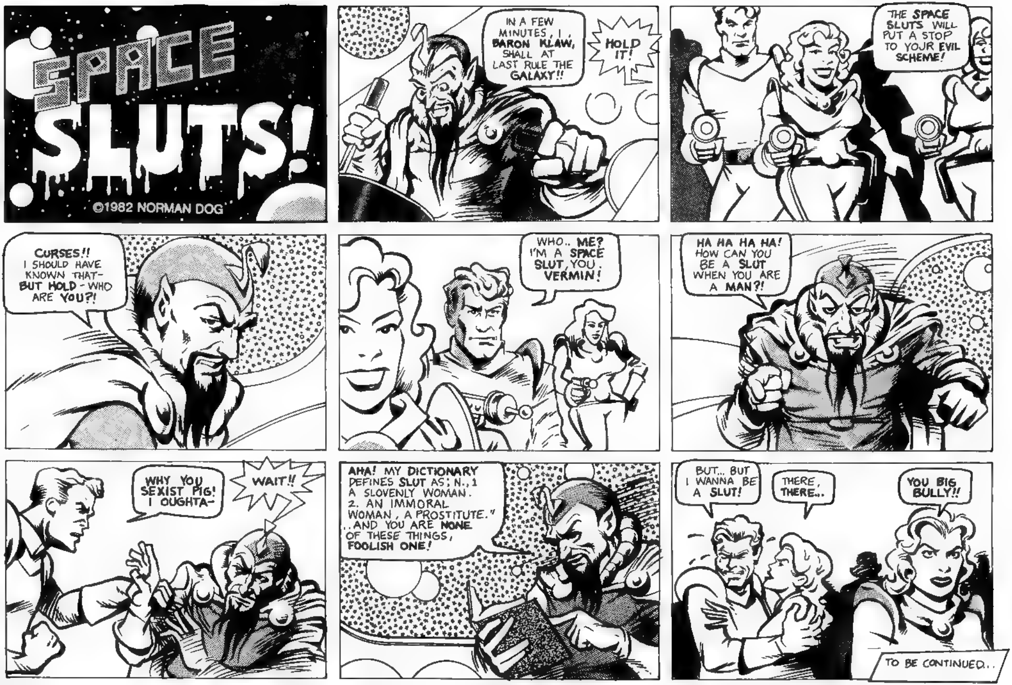

HEY, I KNOW A GREAT JOKE...YOU WANT TO HEAR IT...?
BAR
WELL, THERES THESE THREE GUYS IN A BAR, RIGHT? SO ONE GUY SAYS—
DID I SAY THREE GUYS? I MEAN TWO— TWO GUYS IN A BAR. OKAY?
SO ANYWAY... THE BLACK GUY CALLS THE BARTENDER OVER...
...AND TELLS HIM TO FIX A DRINK FOR... DID I MENTION HIS KANGAROO? OH.
SO, NOW WHAT HAPPENS? WELL, THE KANGAROO SAYS—NO.. THE BARTENDER—
UM... SORRY, I GUESS THE KANGAROO IS FROM ANOTHER JOKE ALTOGETHER...
WELL DAMMITT, I DON'T KNOW... SOMEONE SAYS SOMETHING TO SOMEBODY...!
FRANKLY, I'M NOT EVEN SURE I CAN REMEMBER THE PUNCHLINE NOW...
OH, DAMN.
WELL, I GIVE UP. SORRY.
I REALLY SHOULD MEMORIZE THESE JOKES BEFORE TELLING THEM...
BAR

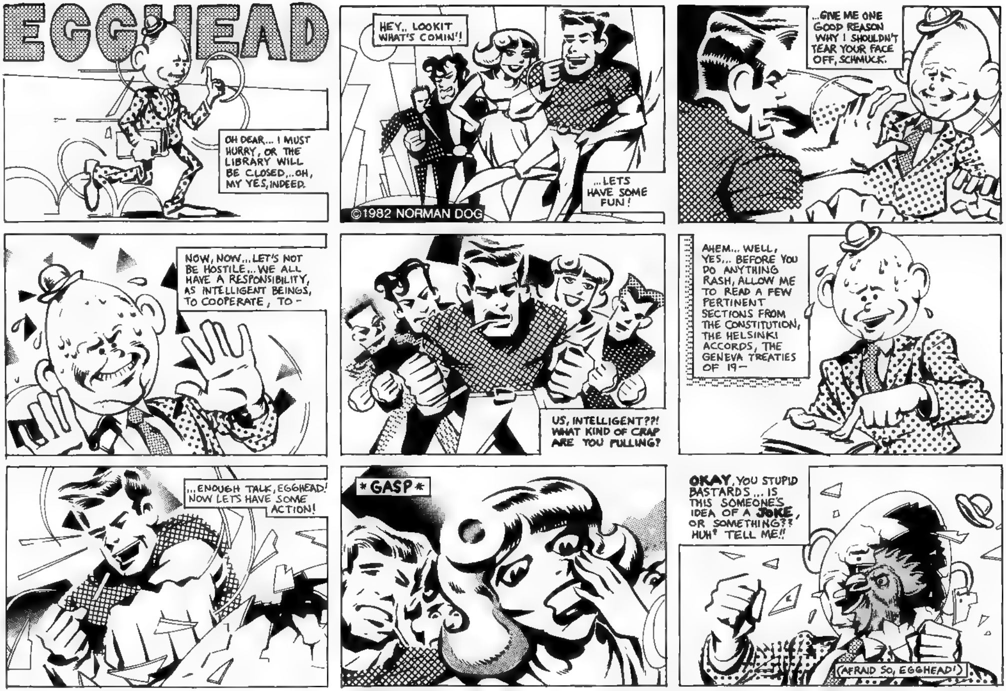
©1982 NORMAN DOG

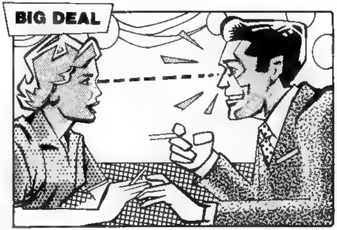
CURSE OF THE MYSTERIOUS HORROR!

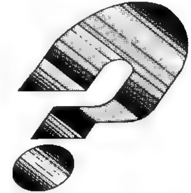
©1982 NORMAN DOG

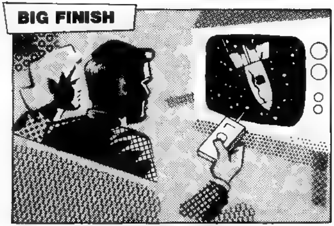

LATE ONE NIGHT, ON A WHIM, YOU DECIDE TO DRIVE OUT TO A SCARY PLACE ... JUST TO SEE WHAT'S UP.
SURE ENOUGH, YOUR CAR STALLS. (THE ENGINE HAS BEEN SURREPTITIOUSLY REMOVED.) "HMM", YOU THINK.
"COME IN!" SAYS THE EXCEEDINGLY FRIENDLY BUTLER. "COME RIGHT IN, YEP, RIGHT THIS WAY, YESSIREE BOB!"
THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE IS THE GREAT SURGEON AND PHILOSOPHER M. VALDEMAR, LONG THOUGHT DEAD.
IT TURNS OUT HE'S BEEN DOING SOME VERY INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS WITH OWLS AND CLOCKS.
YOU ARE INVITED TO STAY FOR DINNER. AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT MARS THE OTHERWISE LOVELY MEAL.
YOU ARE AWAKENED IN THE LAB BY A HORRIBLE SCREAM... LIKE A THOUSAND TORTURED OWLS...
YOU QUICKLY HAIL A CAB AND RACE HOME... BUT YOUR FAVORITE T.V. SHOW IS ALREADY OVER.


SPACE SLUTS!
©1982 NORMAN DOG
IN A FEW MINUTES, I, BARON KLAW, SHALL AT LAST RULE THE GALAXY!!
HOLD IT!
THE SPACE SLUTS WILL PUT A STOP TO YOUR EVIL SCHEME!
CURSES!! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT- BUT HOLD - WHO ARE YOU?!
WHO.. ME? I'M A SPACE SLUT, YOU VERMIN!
HA HA HA HA! HOW CAN YOU BE A SLUT WHEN YOU ARE A MAN?!
WHY YOU SEXIST PIG! I OUGHTA-
WAIT!!
AHA! MY DICTIONARY DEFINES SLUT AS; N., 1 A SLOVENLY WOMAN. 2. AN IMMORAL WOMAN, A PROSTITUTE." ..AND YOU ARE NONE OF THESE THINGS, FOOLISH ONE!
BUT... BUT I WANNA BE A SLUT!
THERE, THERE..
YOU BIG BULLY!!
TO BE CONTINUED..


EGGHEAD
OH DEAR... I MUST HURRY, OR THE LIBRARY WILL BE CLOSED...OH, MY YES, INDEED.
HEY.. LOOKIT WHAT'S COMIN'!
...LETS HAVE SOME FUN!
©1982 NORMAN DOG
...GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T TEAR YOUR FACE OFF, SCHMUCK.
NOW, NOW... LET'S NOT BE HOSTILE... WE ALL HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY, AS INTELLIGENT BEINGS, TO COOPERATE, TO-
US, INTELLIGENT??! WHAT KIND OF CRAP ARE YOU PULLING?
AHEM... WELL, YES... BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING RASH, ALLOW ME TO READ A FEW PERTINENT SECTIONS FROM THE CONSTITUTION, THE HELSINKI ACCORDS, THE GENEVA TREATIES OF 19-
...ENOUGH TALK, EGGHEAD! NOW LETS HAVE SOME ACTION!
GASP
OKAY, YOU STUPID BASTARDS... IS THIS SOMEONE'S IDEA OF A JOKE, OR SOMETHING?? HUH? TELL ME!!
(AFRAID SO, EGGHEAD!)







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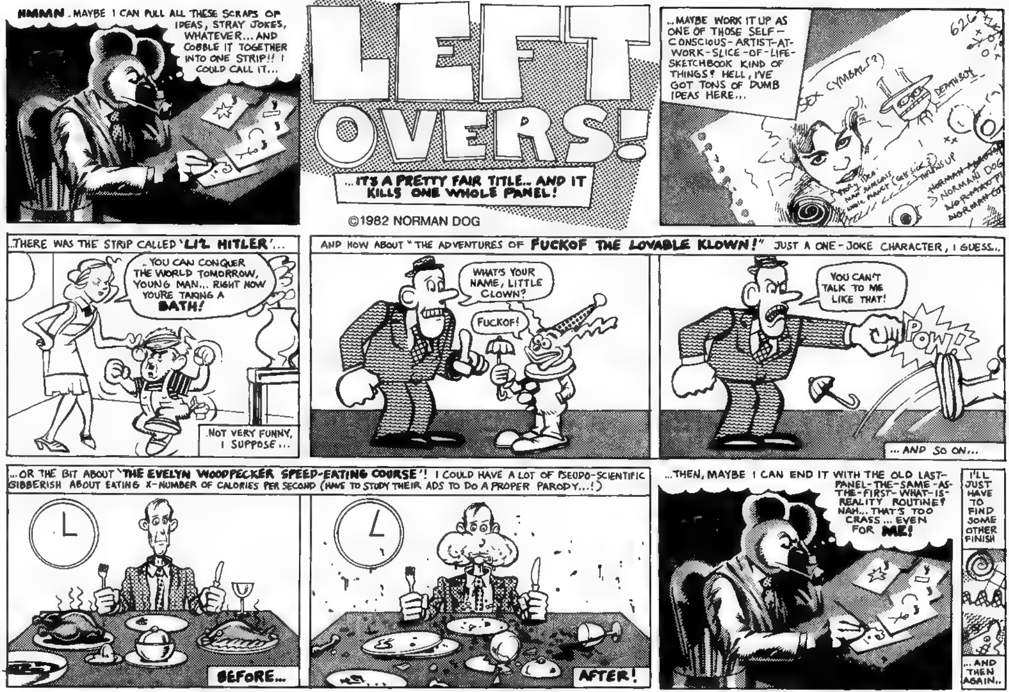
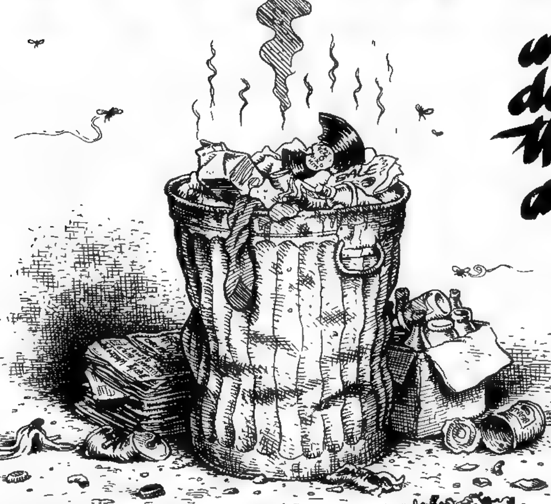
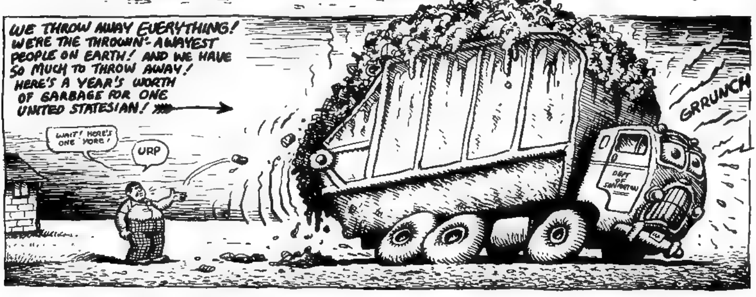

HMMM.. MAYBE I CAN PULL ALL THESE SCRAPS OF IDEAS, STRAY JOKES, WHATEVER... AND COBBLE IT TOGETHER INTO ONE STRIP!! I COULD CALL IT...
LEFT OVERS!
...IT'S A PRETTY FAIR TITLE... AND IT KILLS ONE WHOLE PANEL!
©1982 NORMAN DOG
...MAYBE WORK IT UP AS ONE OF THOSE SELF-CONSCIOUS-ARTIST-AT-WORK-SLICE-OF-LIFE-SKETCHBOOK KIND OF THINGS! HELL, I'VE GOT TONS OF DUMB IDEAS HERE...
626
SEX CYMBALS?
DEATHBOY
STORY IDEA: MAN SURREALS WHOLE PLANET (GETS SICK?) TURNS UP
NORMAN DOG
..THERE WAS THE STRIP CALLED 'LI'L HITLER'...
..YOU CAN CONQUER THE WORLD TOMORROW, YOUNG MAN... RIGHT NOW YOU'RE TAKING A BATH!
.NOT VERY FUNNY, I SUPPOSE...
AND HOW ABOUT "THE ADVENTURES OF FUCKOF THE LOVABLE KLOWN!" JUST A ONE-JOKE CHARACTER, I GUESS..
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, LITTLE CLOWN?
FUCKOF!
YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!
POW!
... AND SO ON...
...OR THE BIT ABOUT 'THE EVELYN WOODPECKER SPEED-EATING COURSE'! I COULD HAVE A LOT OF PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC GIBBERISH ABOUT EATING X-NUMBER OF CALORIES PER SECOND (HAVE TO STUDY THEIR ADS TO DO A PROPER PARODY...!)
BEFORE...
AFTER!
...THEN, MAYBE I CAN END IT WITH THE OLD LAST-PANEL-THE-SAME-AS-THE-FIRST-WHAT-IS-REALITY ROUTINE? NAH... THAT'S TOO CRASS... EVEN FOR ME!
I'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND SOME OTHER FINISH
...AND THEN AGAIN..

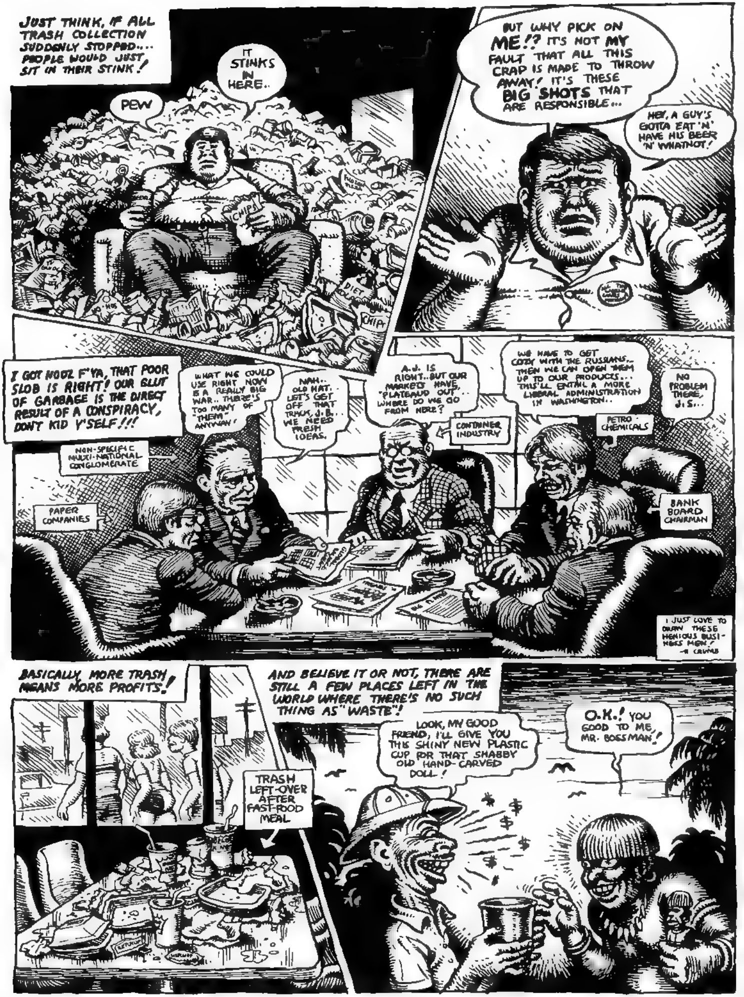
TRASH

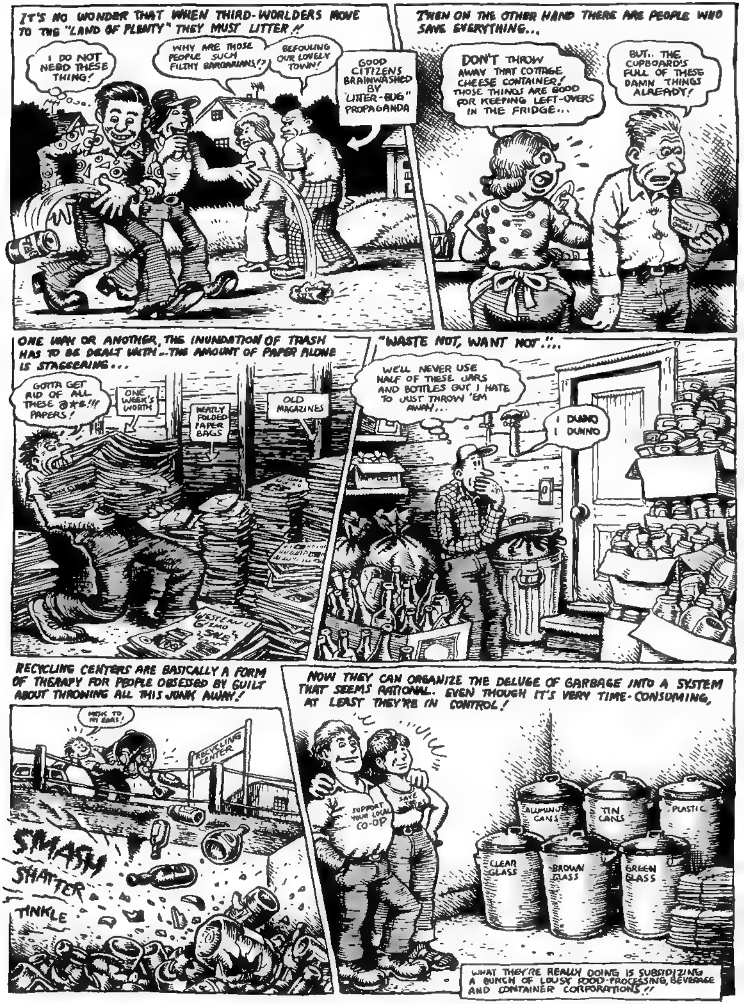
what do we throw away?

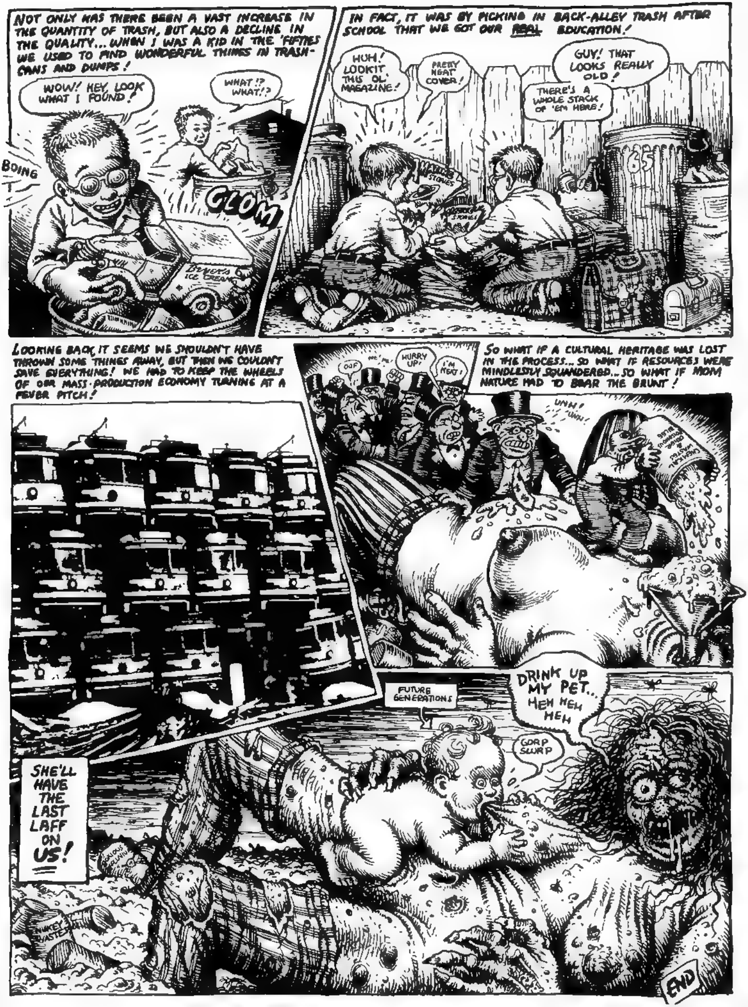
by R. Crumb ©'82

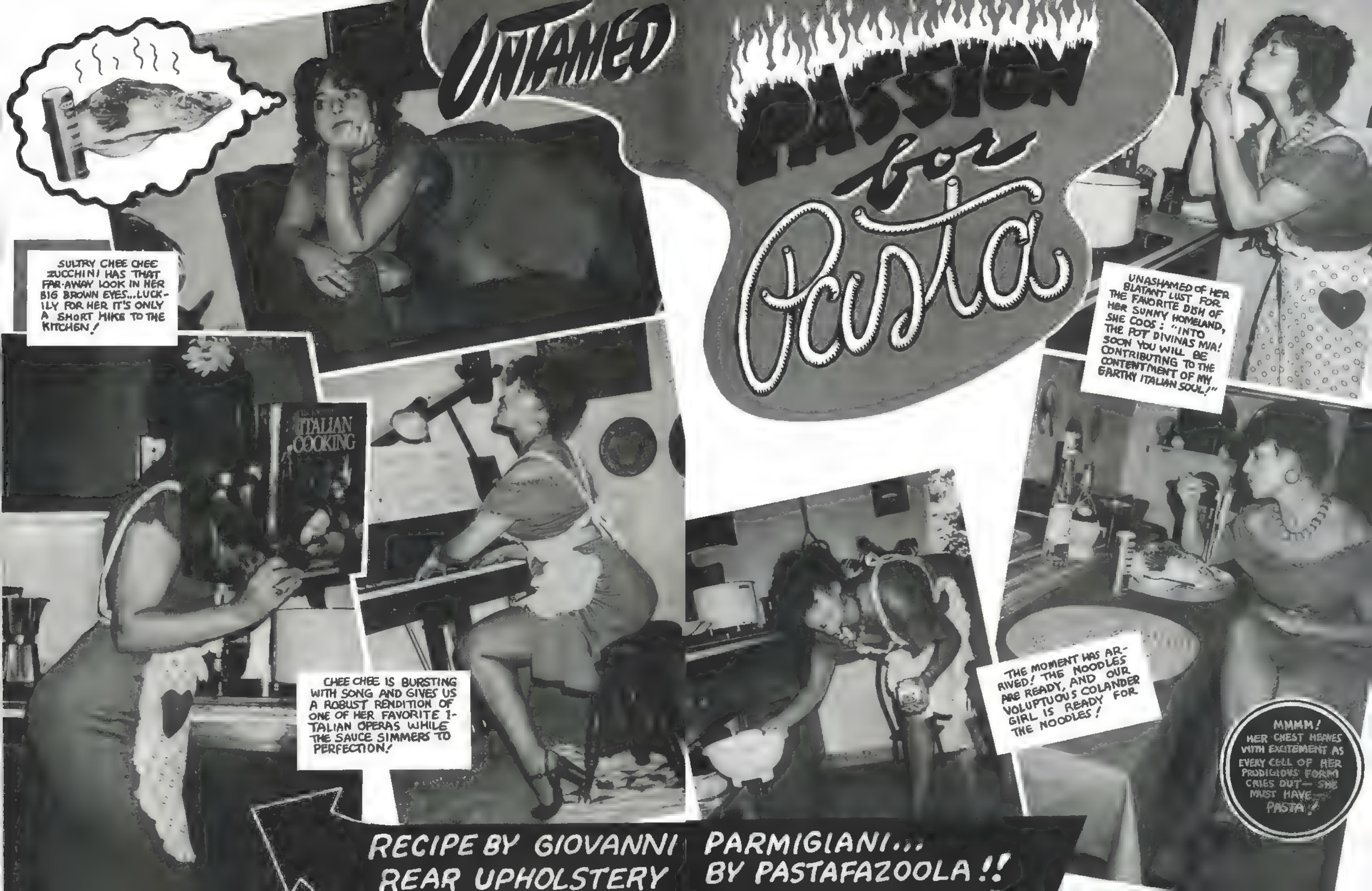



WE THROW AWAY EVERYTHING! WE'RE THE THROWIN'-AWAYEST PEOPLE ON EARTH! AND WE HAVE SO MUCH TO THROW AWAY! HERE'S A YEAR'S WORTH OF GARBAGE FOR ONE UNITED STATESIAN!
WAIT! HERE'S ONE MORE!
URP
GRRUNCH
DEPT OF SANITATION


JUST THINK, IF ALL TRASH COLLECTION SUDDENLY STOPPED.... PEOPLE WOULD JUST SIT IN THEIR STINK!
PEW
IT STINKS IN HERE..
CHIPS
DIET
CHIPS
BUT WHY PICK ON ME!? IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT ALL THIS CRAP IS MADE TO THROW AWAY! IT'S THESE BIG SHOTS THAT ARE RESPONSIBLE...
HEY, A GUY'S GOTTA EAT 'N' HAVE HIS BEER 'N' WHATNOT!
I GOT NOOZ F'YA, THAT POOR SLOB IS RIGHT! OUR GLUT OF GARBAGE IS THE DIRECT RESULT OF A CONSPIRACY, DON'T KID Y'SELF!!!
WHAT WE COULD USE RIGHT NOW IS A REALLY BIG WAR.. THERE'S TOO MANY OF "THEM" ANYWAY!
NAH.. OLD HAT. LET'S GET OFF THAT TRACK, J.B.. WE NEED FRESH IDEAS.
A.J. IS RIGHT..BUT OUR MARKETS HAVE "PLATEAUD OUT".. WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
WE HAVE TO GET COZY WITH THE RUSSIANS.. THEN WE CAN OPEN THEM UP TO OUR PRODUCTS... THIS'LL ENTAIL A MORE LIBERAL ADMINISTRATION IN WASHINGTON..
NO PROBLEM THERE, J.S...
NON-SPECIFIC MULTI-NATIONAL CONGLOMERATE
CONTAINER INDUSTRY
PETRO-CHEMICALS
PAPER COMPANIES
BANK BOARD CHAIRMAN
I JUST LOVE TO DRAW THESE HENIOUS BUSINESS MEN! —R CRUMB
BASICALLY, MORE TRASH MEANS MORE PROFITS!
TRASH LEFT-OVER AFTER FAST-FOOD MEAL
AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THERE ARE STILL A FEW PLACES LEFT IN THE WORLD WHERE THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS "WASTE"!
LOOK, MY GOOD FRIEND, I'LL GIVE YOU THIS SHINY NEW PLASTIC CUP FOR THAT SHABBY OLD HAND-CARVED DOLL!
O.K.! YOU GOOD TO ME, MR. BOSSMAN!
$
$
$
$


IT'S NO WONDER THAT WHEN THIRD-WORLDERS MOVE TO THE "LAND OF PLENTY" THEY MUST LITTER!!
I DO NOT NEED THESE THING!
WHY ARE THOSE PEOPLE SUCH FILTHY BARBARIANS!?
BEFOULING OUR LOVELY TOWN!
GOOD CITIZENS BRAINWASHED BY "LITTER-BUG" PROPAGANDA
THEN ON THE OTHER HAND THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO SAVE EVERYTHING...
DON'T THROW AWAY THAT COTTAGE CHEESE CONTAINER! THOSE THINGS ARE GOOD FOR KEEPING LEFT-OVERS IN THE FRIDGE...
BUT.. THE CUPBOARD'S FULL OF THESE DAMN THINGS ALREADY!
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THE INUNDATION OF TRASH HAS TO BE DEALT WITH..THE AMOUNT OF PAPER ALONE IS STAGGERING...
GOTTA GET RID OF ALL THESE @*%!!! PAPERS!
ONE WEEK'S WORTH
NEATLY FOLDED PAPER BAGS
OLD MAGAZINES
WESTERN U GIZMO SALE
"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT!"...
WE'LL NEVER USE HALF OF THESE JARS AND BOTTLES BUT I HATE TO JUST THROW 'EM AWAY...
I DUNNO I DUNNO
RECYCLING CENTERS ARE BASICALLY A FORM OF THERAPY FOR PEOPLE OBSESSED BY GUILT ABOUT THROWING ALL THIS JUNK AWAY!
MUSIC TO MY EARS!
RECYCLING CENTER
SMASH
SHATTER
TINKLE
NOW THEY CAN ORGANIZE THE DELUGE OF GARBAGE INTO A SYSTEM THAT SEEMS RATIONAL. EVEN THOUGH IT'S VERY TIME-CONSUMING, AT LEAST THEY'RE IN CONTROL!
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL CO-OP
SAVE TREES
ALUMINUM CANS
TIN CANS
PLASTIC
CLEAR GLASS
BROWN GLASS
GREEN GLASS
WHAT THEY'RE REALLY DOING IS SUBSIDIZING A BUNCH OF LOUSY FOOD-PROCESSING, BEVERAGE AND CONTAINER CORPORATIONS!!


NOT ONLY HAS THERE BEEN A VAST INCREASE IN THE QUANTITY OF TRASH, BUT ALSO A DECLINE IN THE QUALITY... WHEN I WAS A KID IN THE 'FIFTIES WE USED TO FIND WONDERFUL THINGS IN TRASH-CANS AND DUMPS!
WOW! HEY, LOOK WHAT I FOUND!
WHAT!? WHAT!?
BOING
GLOM
Dreyer's ICE CREAM
IN FACT, IT WAS BY PICKING IN BACK-ALLEY TRASH AFTER SCHOOL THAT WE GOT OUR REAL EDUCATION!
HUH! LOOKIT THIS OL' MAGAZINE!
PRETTY NEAT COVER!
GUY! THAT LOOKS REALLY OLD!
THERE'S A WHOLE STACK OF 'EM HERE!
STORIES
STORIES
65
LOOKING BACK, IT SEEMS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE THROWN SOME THINGS AWAY, BUT THEN WE COULDN'T SAVE EVERYTHING! WE HAD TO KEEP THE WHEELS OF OUR MASS-PRODUCTION ECONOMY TURNING AT A FEVER PITCH!
SO WHAT IF A CULTURAL HERITAGE WAS LOST IN THE PROCESS... SO WHAT IF RESOURCES WERE MINDLESSLY SQUANDERED... SO WHAT IF MOM NATURE HAD TO BEAR THE BRUNT!
OUF
ME! ME!
HURRY UP!
I'M NEXT!
UNH! UNH!
CHEMICAL WASTES & DANGEROUS BUGS
FUTURE GENERATIONS
DRINK UP MY PET... HEH HEH HEH
GORP SLURP
SHE'LL HAVE THE LAST LAFF ON US!
NUKEY WASTE
END


UNTAMED PASSION for Pasta
SULTRY CHEE CHEE ZUCCHINI HAS THAT FAR-AWAY LOOK IN HER BIG BROWN EYES...LUCKILY FOR HER IT'S ONLY A SHORT HIKE TO THE KITCHEN!
UNASHAMED OF HER BLATANT LUST FOR THE FAVORITE DISH OF HER SUNNY HOMELAND, SHE COOS: "INTO THE POT DIVINAS MIA! SOON YOU WILL BE CONTRIBUTING TO THE CONTENTMENT OF MY EARTHY ITALIAN SOUL!"
ITALIAN COOKING
CHEE CHEE IS BURSTING WITH SONG AND GIVES US A ROBUST RENDITION OF ONE OF HER FAVORITE ITALIAN OPERAS WHILE THE SAUCE SIMMERS TO PERFECTION!
THE MOMENT HAS ARRIVED! THE NOODLES ARE READY, AND OUR VOLUPTUOUS COLANDER GIRL IS READY FOR THE NOODLES!
MMMM! HER CHEST HEAVES WITH EXCITEMENT AS EVERY CELL OF HER PRODIGIOUS FORM CRIES OUT— SHE MUST HAVE PASTA!
RECIPE BY GIOVANNI PARMIGIANI... REAR UPHOLSTERY BY PASTAFAZOOLA!!

She's strung out on oodles of Noodles!

GIRL MEETS NOODLE AND IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SLURP!

SHE'S HITTING HER STRIDE AS PASTA PASSES FROM PLATE TO MOUTH WITH VERY LITTLE WASTED MOTION. A PACK OF WILD HORSES COULDN'T PULL HER AWAY FROM THAT PILE OF NOODLES AT THIS POINT!

"'SCUSA ME! NO TALK NOW! EAT NOW! **AAGHMMP!!!**

"AY! MADONNA MIA! WHAT EARTHLY ECSTASY!" MOANS LA CHEE CHEE AS SHE SHOVELS IT IN... SHE'S GOING ALL THE WAY!!

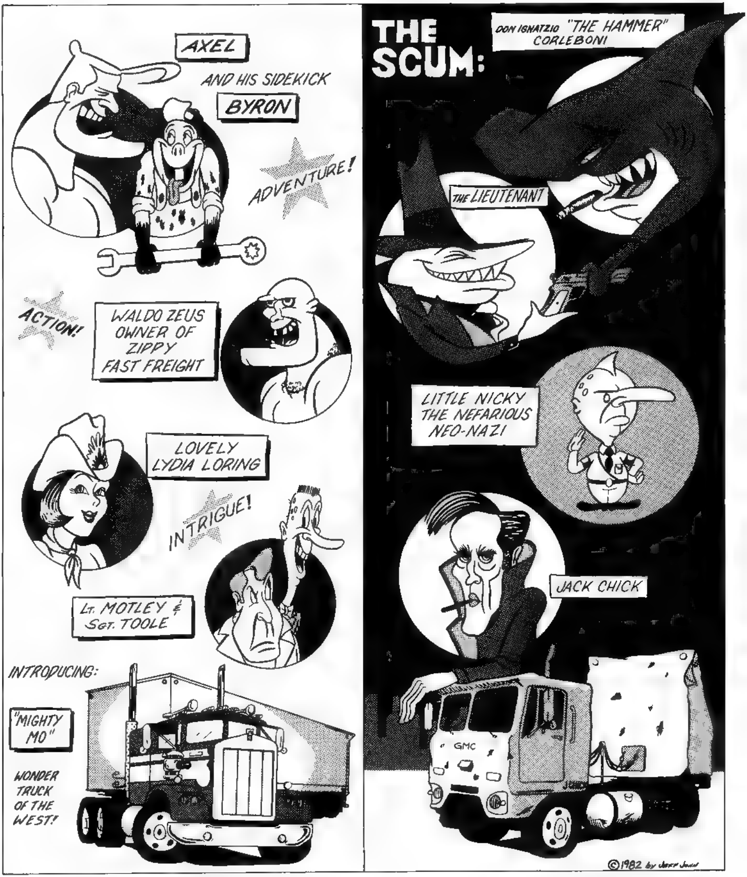
EATING SPAGHETTI DOES SOMETHING STRANGE TO CHEE CHEE'S MIND THAT CAN'T BE PUT IN WORDS—YOU HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT!

...BLISSED OUT IN A STARCH TRANCE, CHEE CHEE FEELS TRULY FULFILLED... AND NOW YOU KNOW HOW ALL THOSE BIG-BOTTOMED ITALIAN MAMAS KEEP IT THAT WAY!

AXEL WAZUNOSKI
KING OF THE HIGHWAY
in

"GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT"

STARRING:


AXEL
AND HIS SIDEKICK
BYRON
ADVENTURE!
ACTION!
WALDO ZEUS OWNER OF ZIPPY FAST FREIGHT
LOVELY LYDIA LORING
INTRIGUE!
LT. MOTLEY & SGT. TOOLE
INTRODUCING:
"MIGHTY MO"
WONDER TRUCK OF THE WEST!
THE SCUM:
DON IGNATZIO "THE HAMMER" CORLEBONI
THE LIEUTENANT
LITTLE NICKY THE NEFARIOUS NEO-NAZI
JACK CHICK
GMC

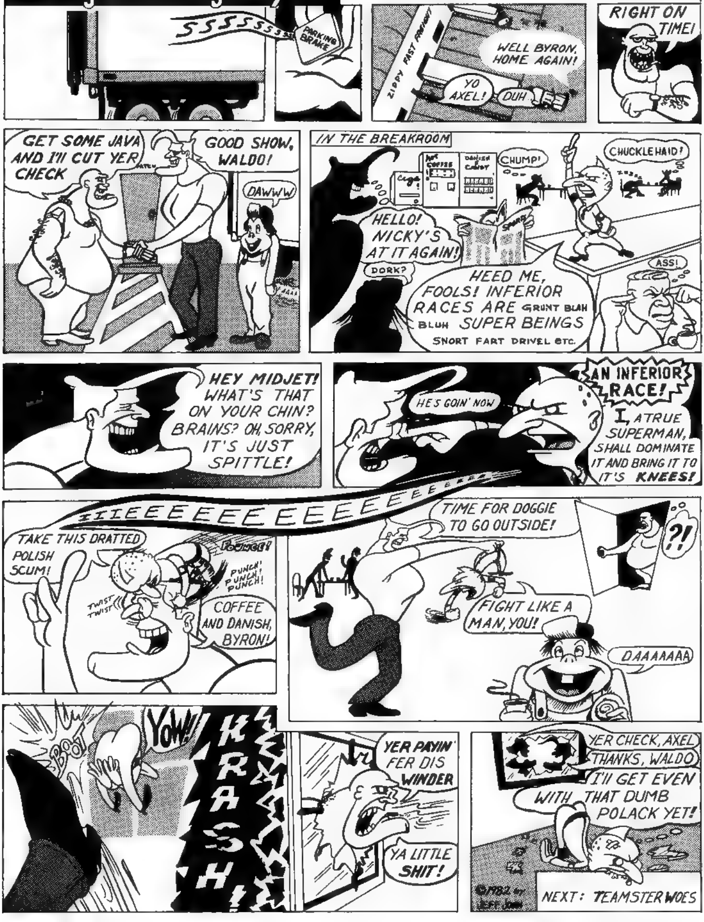
©1982 by Jeff John

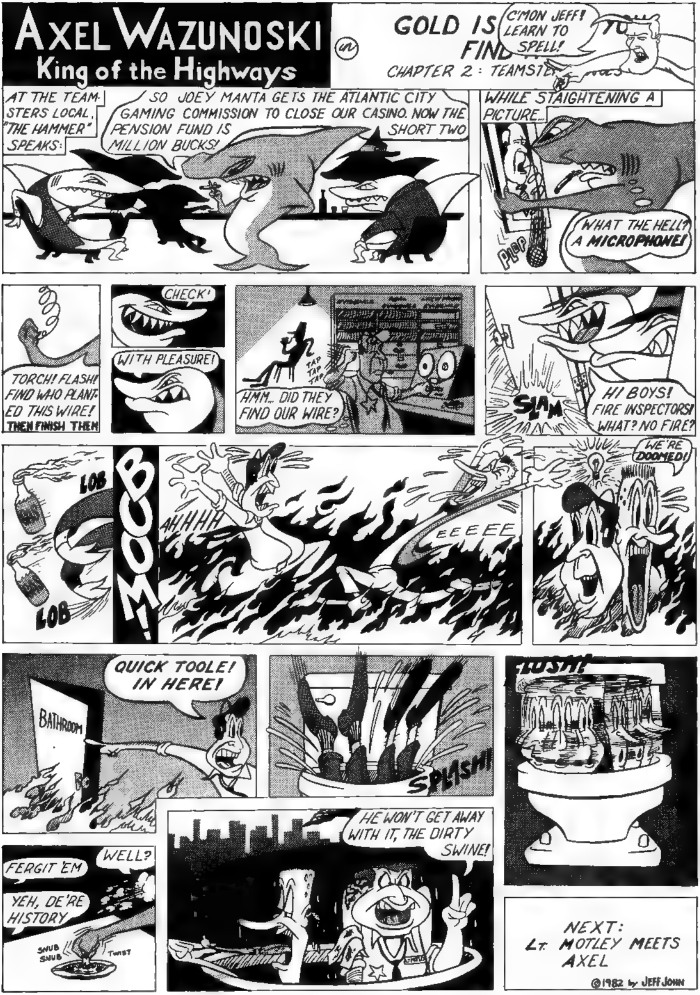
AXEL WAZUNOSKI
King of the Highways

in

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

CHAPTER 1: NICKY'S LESSON

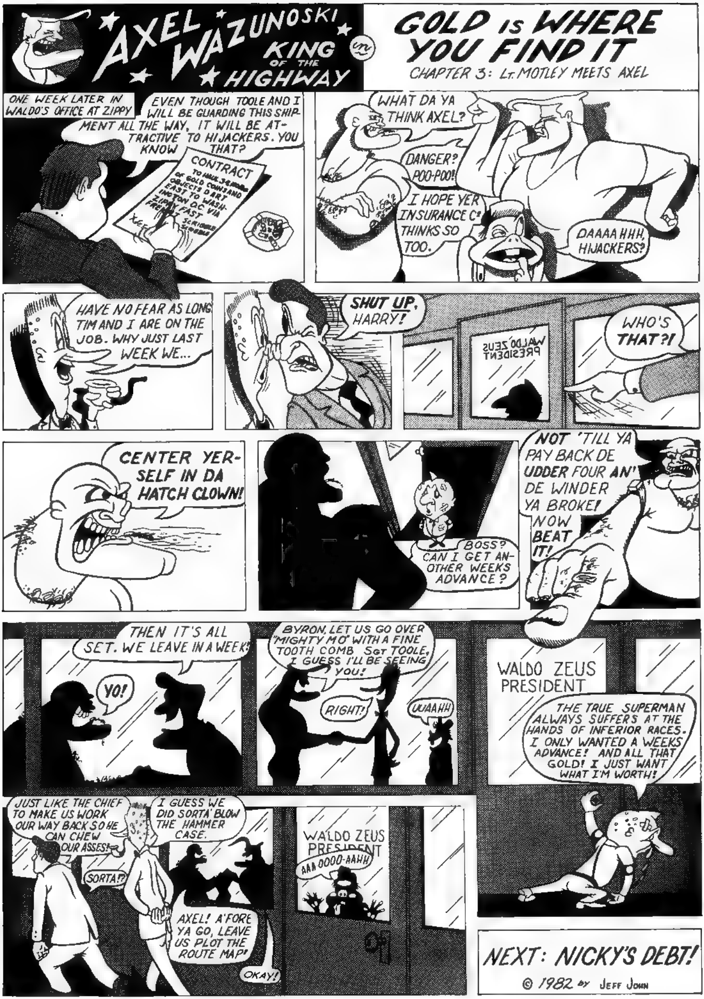

SSSSSSSSSS
PARKING BRAKE
ZIPPY FAST FREIGHT
WELL BYRON, HOME AGAIN!
YO AXEL!
DUH
RIGHT ON TIME!
GET SOME JAVA AND I'll CUT YER CHECK
GOOD SHOW, WALDO!
DAWWW
IN THE BREAKROOM
HOT COFFEE
DANISH & CANDY
HELLO! NICKY'S AT IT AGAIN!
CHUMP!
CHUCKLEHAID!
SPORTS
DORK?
ASS!
HEED ME, FOOLS! INFERIOR RACES ARE GRUNT BLAH BLUH SUPER BEINGS SNORT FART DRIVEL ETC.
HEY MIDJET! WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR CHIN? BRAINS? OH, SORRY, IT'S JUST SPITTLE!
HE'S GOIN' NOW
AN INFERIOR RACE!
I, A TRUE SUPERMAN, SHALL DOMINATE IT AND BRING IT TO IT'S KNEES!
IIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
TAKE THIS DRATTED POLISH SCUM!
POUNCE!
PUNCH! PUNCH! PUNCH!
TWIST TWIST
COFFEE AND DANISH, BYRON!
TIME FOR DOGGIE TO GO OUTSIDE!
?!
FIGHT LIKE A MAN, YOU!
DAAAAAAA
BOOT
YOW!!
KRASH!
YER PAYIN' FER DIS WINDER
YA LITTLE SHIT!
YER CHECK, AXEL
THANKS, WALDO
I'll GET EVEN WITH THAT DUMB POLACK YET!
©1982 by
NEXT: TEAMSTER WOES


AXEL WAZUNOSKI
King of the Highways
in
GOLD IS ... YO... FIND ...
CHAPTER 2: TEAMSTE...
C'MON JEFF! LEARN TO SPELL!
AT THE TEAMSTERS LOCAL, "THE HAMMER" SPEAKS:
SO JOEY MANTA GETS THE ATLANTIC CITY GAMING COMMISSION TO CLOSE OUR CASINO. NOW THE PENSION FUND IS SHORT TWO MILLION BUCKS!
WHILE STAIGHTENING A PICTURE...
PLOP
WHAT THE HELL? A MICROPHONE!
TORCH! FLASH! FIND WHO PLANTED THIS WIRE! THEN FINISH THEM
CHECK!
WITH PLEASURE!
TAP TAP TAP
HMM... DID THEY FIND OUR WIRE?
SLAM
HI BOYS! FIRE INSPECTORS! WHAT? NO FIRE?
LOB
LOB
BOOOM!
AHHHH
EEEEE
WE'RE DOOMED!
QUICK TOOLE! IN HERE!
BATHROOM
SPLASH!
FLUSH!
WELL?
FERGIT 'EM
YEH, DE'RE HISTORY
SNUB SNUB
TWIST
HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, THE DIRTY SWINE!
NEXT: LT. MOTLEY MEETS AXEL
©1982 by JEFF JOHN

AXEL WAZUNOSKI KING OF THE HIGHWAY in

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

CHAPTER 3: LT. MOTLEY MEETS AXEL


ONE WEEK LATER IN WALDO'S OFFICE AT ZIPPY
EVEN THOUGH TOOLE AND I WILL BE GUARDING THIS SHIPMENT ALL THE WAY, IT WILL BE ATTRACTIVE TO HIJACKERS. YOU KNOW THAT?
CONTRACT
OF GOLD COINS AND OBJECTS D'ART EAST TO WASHINGTON D.C. VIA ZIPPY FAST FREIGHT
SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE
WHAT DA YA THINK AXEL?
DANGER? POO-POO!
I HOPE YER INSURANCE CO. THINKS SO TOO.
DAAAAHHH, HIJACKERS?
HAVE NO FEAR AS LONG TIM AND I ARE ON THE JOB. WHY JUST LAST WEEK WE...
SHUT UP, HARRY!
WALDO ZEUS PRESIDENT
WHO'S THAT?!
CENTER YERSELF IN DA HATCH CLOWN!
BOSS? CAN I GET ANOTHER WEEKS ADVANCE?
NOT 'TILL YA PAY BACK DE UDDER FOUR AN' DE WINDER YA BROKE! NOW BEAT IT!
THEN IT'S ALL SET. WE LEAVE IN A WEEK!
YO!
BYRON, LET US GO OVER "MIGHTY MO" WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB. SGT TOOLE, I GUESS I'LL BE SEEING YOU!
RIGHT!
UUAAHH
WALDO ZEUS PRESIDENT
THE TRUE SUPERMAN ALWAYS SUFFERS AT THE HANDS OF INFERIOR RACES. I ONLY WANTED A WEEKS ADVANCE! AND ALL THAT GOLD! I JUST WANT WHAT I'M WORTH!
JUST LIKE THE CHIEF TO MAKE US WORK OUR WAY BACK SO HE CAN CHEW OUR ASSES!
I GUESS WE DID SORTA' BLOW THE HAMMER CASE.
SORTA!?
WALDO ZEUS PRESIDENT
AAA OOOO-AAHH
AXEL! A'FORE YA GO, LEAVE US PLOT THE ROUTE MAP!
OKAY!

NEXT: NICKY'S DEBT!

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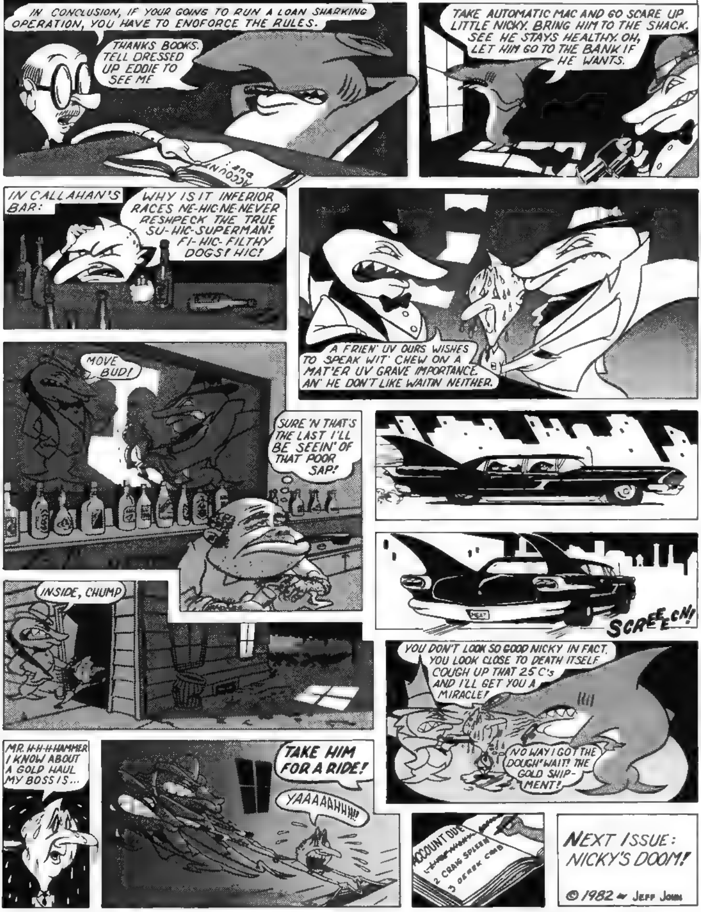
AXEL WAZUNOSKI KING OF THE HIGHWAY in

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

CHAPTER 4: NICKY'S DEBT


IN CONCLUSION, IF YOUR GOING TO RUN A LOAN SHARKING OPERATION, YOU HAVE TO ENOFORCE THE RULES.
THANKS BOOKS. TELL DRESSED UP EDDIE TO SEE ME
ACCOUNTS DUE:
TAKE AUTOMATIC MAC AND GO SCARE UP LITTLE NICKY. BRING HIM TO THE SHACK. SEE HE STAYS HEALTHY. OH, LET HIM GO TO THE BANK IF HE WANTS.
IN CALLAHAN'S BAR:
WHY IS IT INFERIOR RACES NE-HIC-NE-NEVER RESHPECK THE TRUE SU-HIC-SUPERMAN! FI-HIC-FILTHY DOGS! HIC!
A FRIEN' UV OURS WISHES TO SPEAK WIT' CHEW ON A MAT'ER UV GRAVE IMPORTANCE. AN' HE DON'T LIKE WAITIN NEITHER.
MOVE BUD!
SURE 'N THAT'S THE LAST I'LL BE SEEIN' OF THAT POOR SAP!
MEAT
SCREEECH!
INSIDE, CHUMP
YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD NICKY IN FACT, YOU LOOK CLOSE TO DEATH ITSELF. COUGH UP THAT 25 C's AND I'LL GET YOU A MIRACLE!
NO WAY I GOT THE DOUGH' WAIT! THE GOLD SHIPMENT!
MR. H-H-H-HAMMER I KNOW ABOUT A GOLD HAUL MY BOSS IS...
TAKE HIM FOR A RIDE!
YAAAAAHHH!!!
ACCOUNT DUE
2 CRAIG SPIEER
3 DEREK CMB
NEXT ISSUE: NICKY'S DOOM!

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JOE FRANKLIN IS A Dream Walkin'

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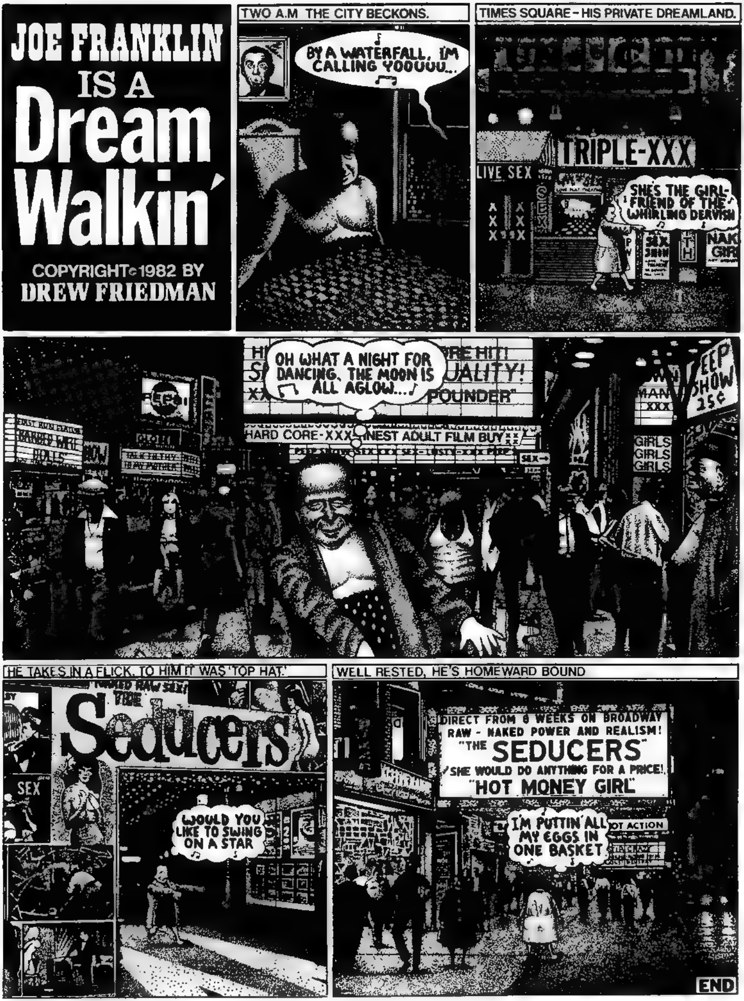
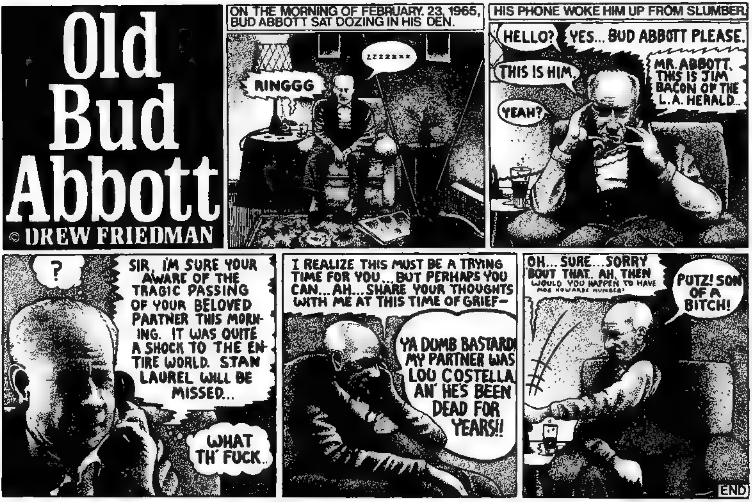
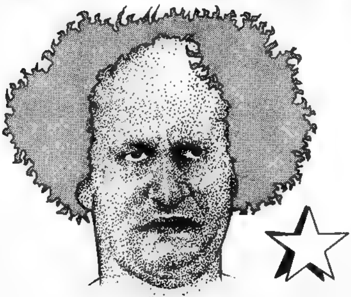

TWO A.M THE CITY BECKONS.
BY A WATERFALL, I'M CALLING YOOUUU...
TIMES SQUARE – HIS PRIVATE DREAMLAND.
TRIPLE-XXX
LIVE SEX
XXX
SHE'S THE GIRL-FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH
SEX SHOW
NAKED GIRL
OH WHAT A NIGHT FOR DANCING, THE MOON IS ALL AGLOW...
"POUNDER"
HARD CORE-XXX-FINEST ADULT FILM BUY
SEX→
PEPSI
PEEP SHOW 25¢
GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS
HE TAKES IN A FLICK. TO HIM IT WAS 'TOP HAT.'
NAKED RAW SEX! THE Seducers
SEX
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SWING ON A STAR
WELL RESTED, HE'S HOMEWARD BOUND
DIRECT FROM 8 WEEKS ON BROADWAY
RAW - NAKED POWER AND REALISM!
"THE SEDUCERS"
SHE WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR A PRICE!
"HOT MONEY GIRL"
I'M PUTTIN' ALL MY EGGS IN ONE BASKET
END


Old Bud Abbott
© DREW FRIEDMAN
ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 23, 1965, BUD ABBOTT SAT DOZING IN HIS DEN.
ZZZZZZZ
RINGGG
HIS PHONE WOKE HIM UP FROM SLUMBER.
HELLO?
YES... BUD ABBOTT PLEASE.
THIS IS HIM.
MR. ABBOTT. THIS IS JIM BACON OF THE L.A. HERALD...
YEAH?
?
SIR, I'M SURE YOUR AWARE OF THE TRAGIC PASSING OF YOUR BELOVED PARTNER THIS MORNING. IT WAS QUITE A SHOCK TO THE ENTIRE WORLD. STAN LAUREL WILL BE MISSED...
WHAT TH' FUCK..
I REALIZE THIS MUST BE A TRYING TIME FOR YOU... BUT PERHAPS YOU CAN... AH... SHARE YOUR THOUGHTS WITH ME AT THIS TIME OF GRIEF—
YA DUMB BASTARD! MY PARTNER WAS LOU COSTELLA AN' HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS!!
OH... SURE... SORRY 'BOUT THAT.. AH, THEN WOULD YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE MOE HOWARD'S NUMBER?
PUTZ! SON OF A BITCH!
END

LARRY



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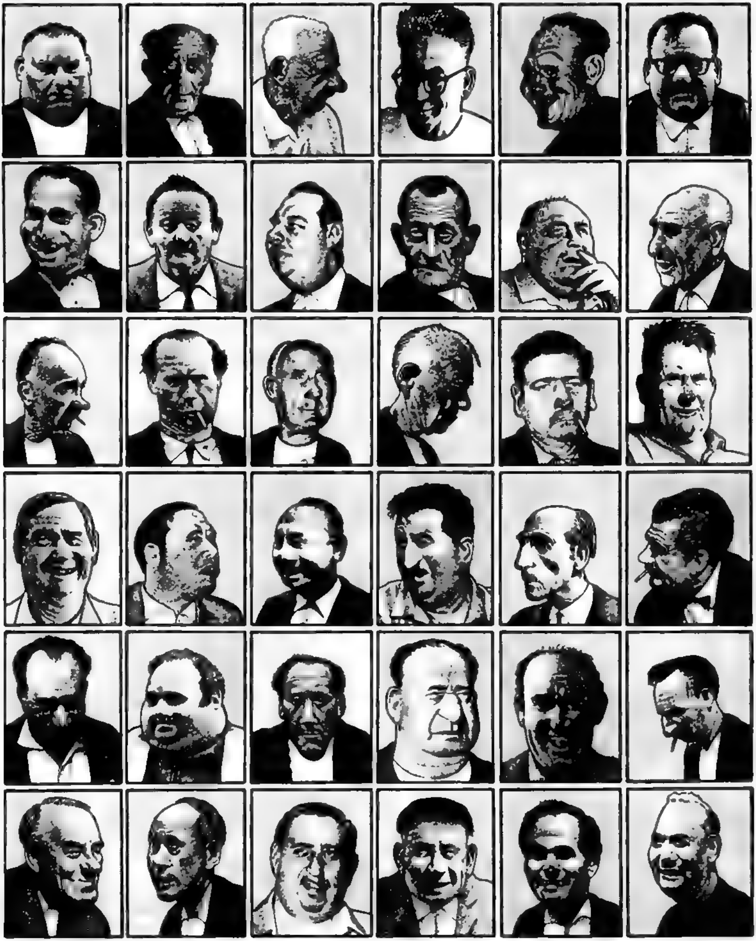
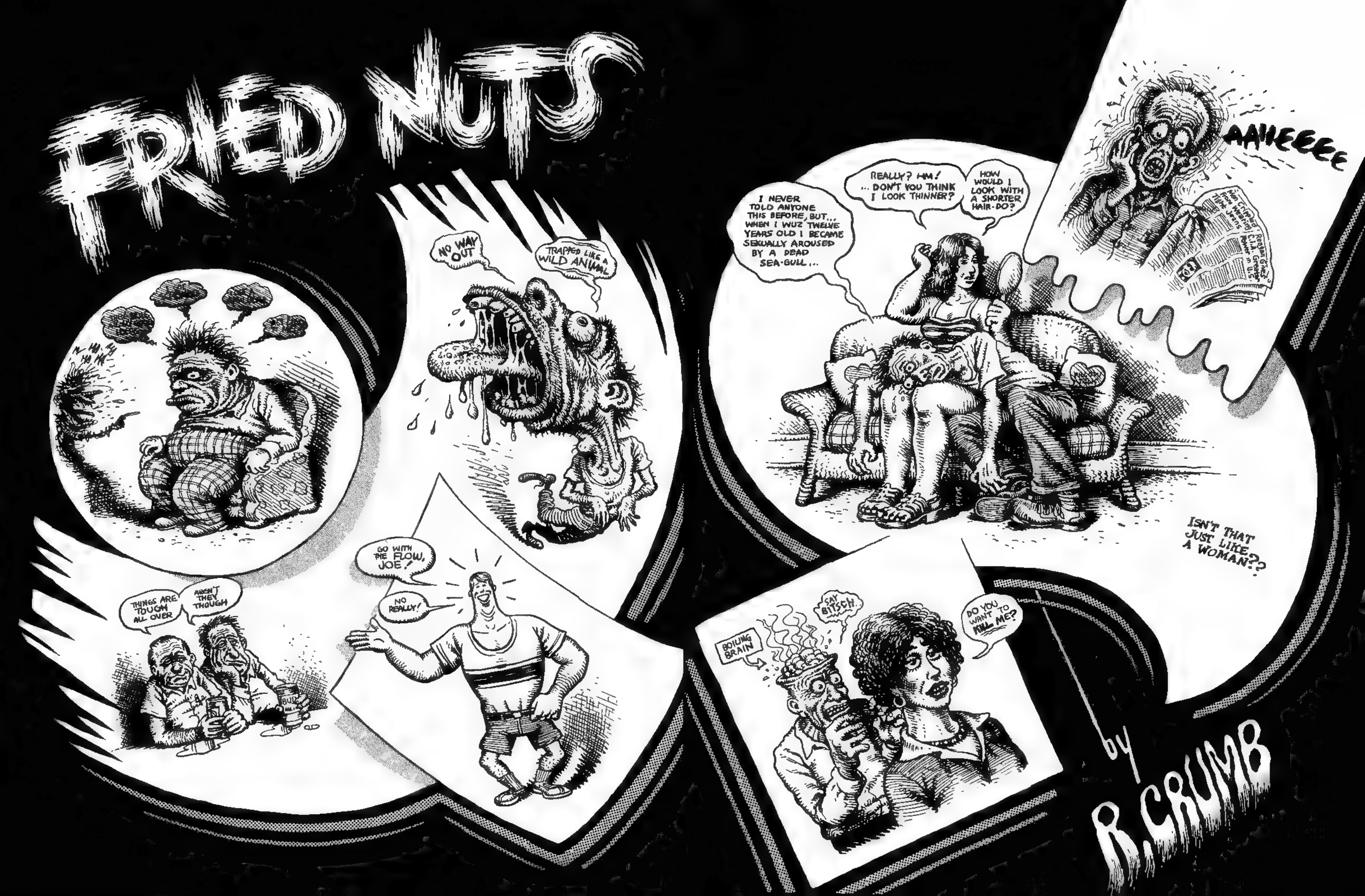
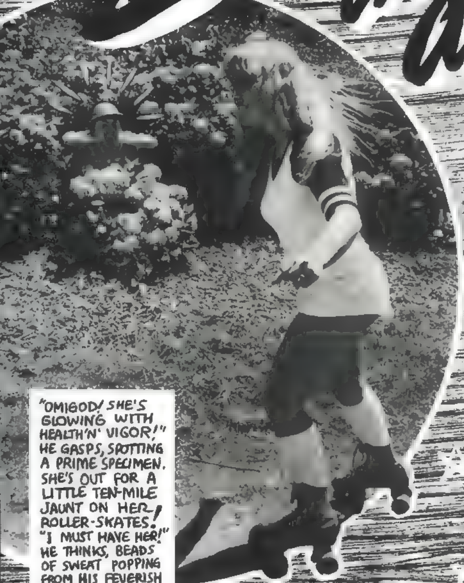


FRIED NUTS

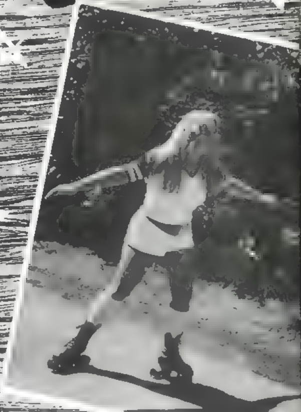

N-HA-HA
HA HA
NO WAY OUT
TRAPPED LIKE A WILD ANIMAL
THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER
AREN'T THEY THOUGH
BUD
GO WITH THE FLOW, JOE!
NO REALLY!
I NEVER TOLD ANYONE THIS BEFORE, BUT... WHEN I WUZ TWELVE YEARS OLD I BECAME SEXUALLY AROUSED BY A DEAD SEA-GULL...
REALLY? HM! ...DON'T YOU THINK I LOOK THINNER?
HOW WOULD I LOOK WITH A SHORTER HAIR-DO?
AAHEEEEE
Man Crippled from Wearing Tight Jeans
Reagan Gives C.I.A. Greater Power in U.S.
ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE A WOMAN??
BOILING BRAIN
SAY BITSCH..
DO YOU WANT TO KILL ME?

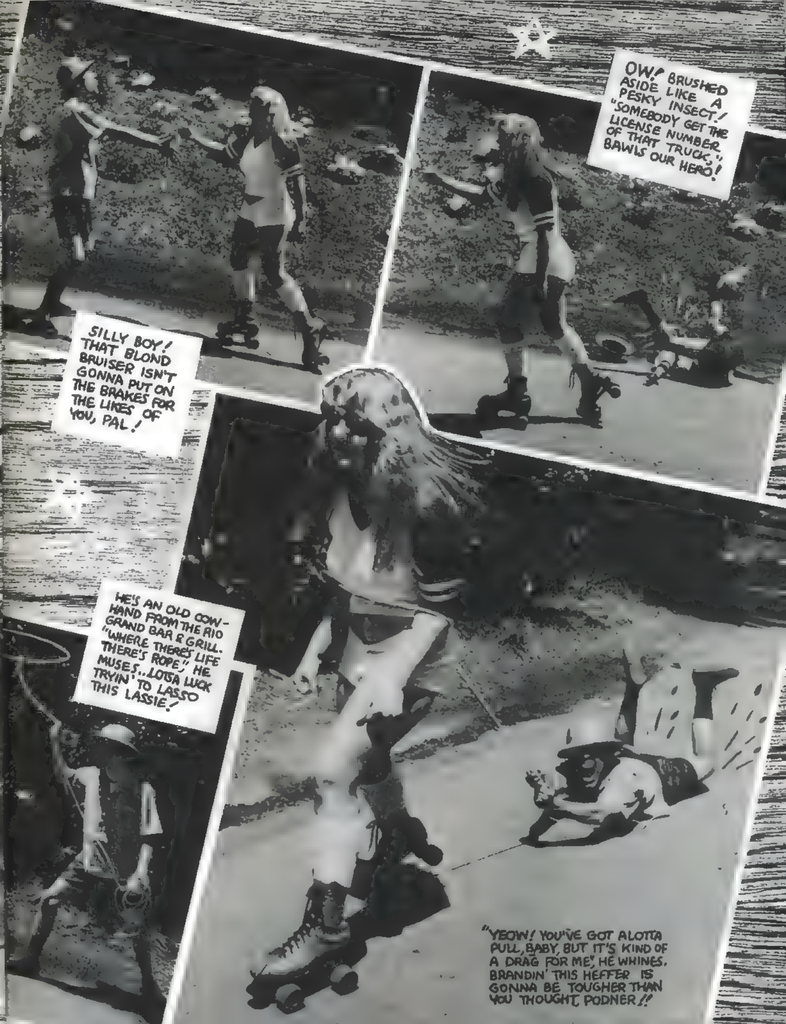
by R. CRUMB

Stalking the Great American JOCK GIRL


"OMIGOD! SHE'S GLOWING WITH HEALTH'N' VIGOR!" HE GASPS, SPOTTING A PRIME SPECIMEN. SHE'S OUT FOR A LITTLE TEN-MILE JAUNT ON HER ROLLER-SKATES! "I MUST HAVE HER!" HE THINKS, BEADS OF SWEAT POPPING FROM HIS FEVERISH BROW!

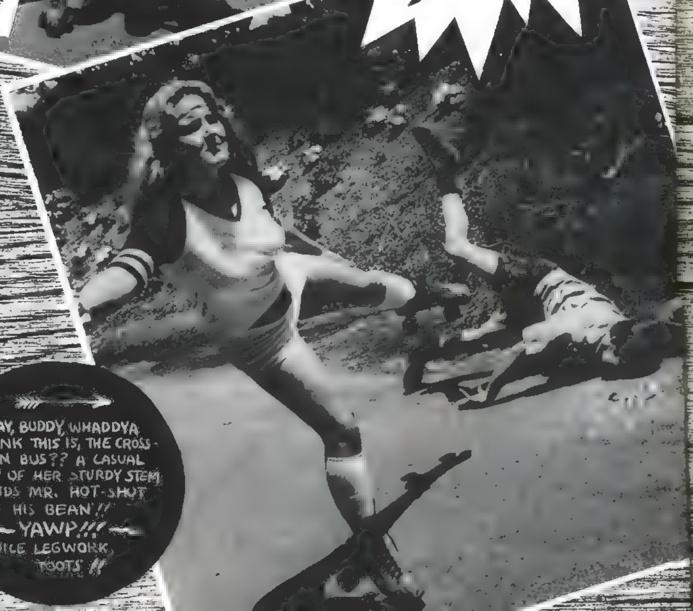
SOMEWHERE IN THE HEART OF DARKEST SUBURBIA THERE LIVES A TRIBE OF VIGOROUS FEMALES WHO SPEND ALL THEIR TIME DEVELOPING THEIR SUPERBODIES. THEY RUN, THEY JUMP ROPE, THEY SKATE, THEY WORK OUT, THEY DANCE, THEY LEARN KARATE, SO LOOK OUT!! ...AND HERE'S OUR BOY EXPLORER, DETERMINED TO CAPTURE ONE OF THESE POWERFUL AMAZONS AND BRING HER BACK, ALIVE AND KISSING. OUR BIG "GAM" HUNTER IS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF A HOT NUMBER!!




HE'S AN OLD COW-HAND FROM THE RIO GRAND BAR & GRILL. "WHERE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S ROPE," HE MUSES...LOTSA LUCK TRYIN' TO LASSO THIS LASSIE!
SILLY BOY! THAT BLOND BRUISER ISN'T GONNA PUT ON THE BRAKES FOR THE LIKES OF YOU, PAL!
OW! BRUSHED ASIDE LIKE A PESKY INSECT! "SOMEBODY GET THE LICENSE NUMBER OF THAT TRUCK," BAWLS OUR HERO!
"YEOW! YOU'VE GOT ALOTTA PULL, BABY, BUT IT'S KIND OF A DRAG FOR ME," HE WHINES. BRANDIN' THIS HEFFER IS GONNA BE TOUGHER THAN YOU THOUGHT, PODNER!!

THE JOCK-GIRL OF HIS DREAMS MUST BE IN TOP PHYSICAL CONDITION! GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY SAY OPPOSITES ATTRACT!

A DESPERATE LUNGE AND OUR COURAGEOUS SOLDIER OF FORTUNE IS GLUED TO HER LEG—"HEY, JUST GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES, BABY," HE PLEADS. MISS FITNESS IS ABOUT AS MOVED AS THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!



SAY, BUDDY, WHADDYA THINK THIS IS, THE CROSS-TOWN BUS?? A CASUAL FLIP OF HER STURDY STEM LANDS MR. HOT-SHOT ON HIS BEAN!!

—YAWP!!!—

NICE LEGWORK, TOOTS!!

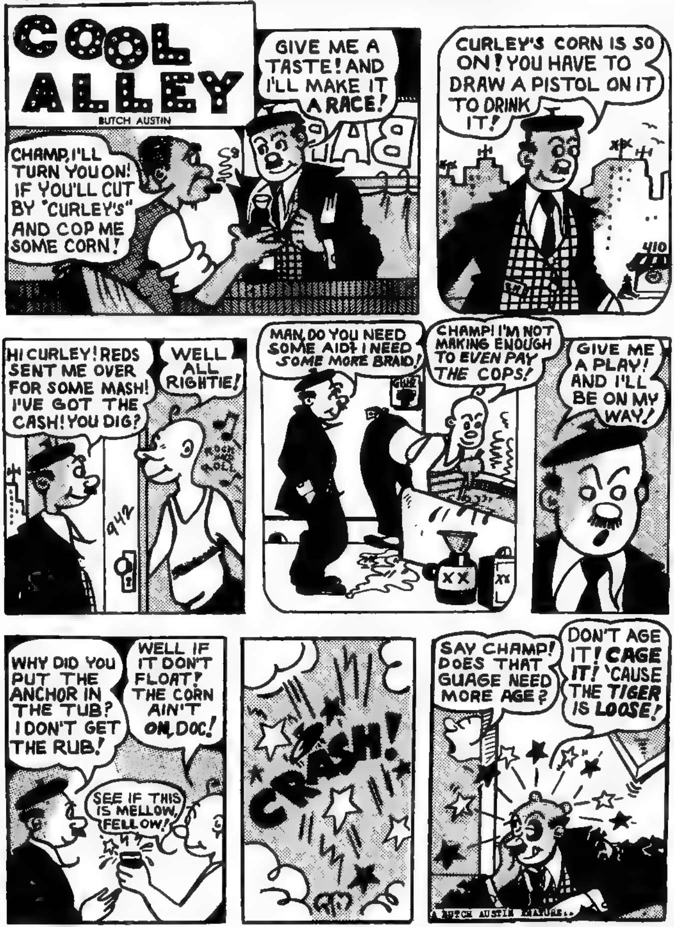
UH OH! WHAT'S ALL THIS FUSS? DID HE GET A SPRAIN? AW, POOR LI'L GUY! TH' SKOOTIN' CUTIE IS ACTUALLY STOPPED IN HER TRACKS!

SHE GOES ALL MUSHY INSIDE AT THE SIGHT OF A GROWN MAN CRYING... "WHAT CAN I DO TO MAKE IT BETTER?" SHE ASKS IN MOTHERING TONES. "TAKE ME HOME," HE WIMPERS.

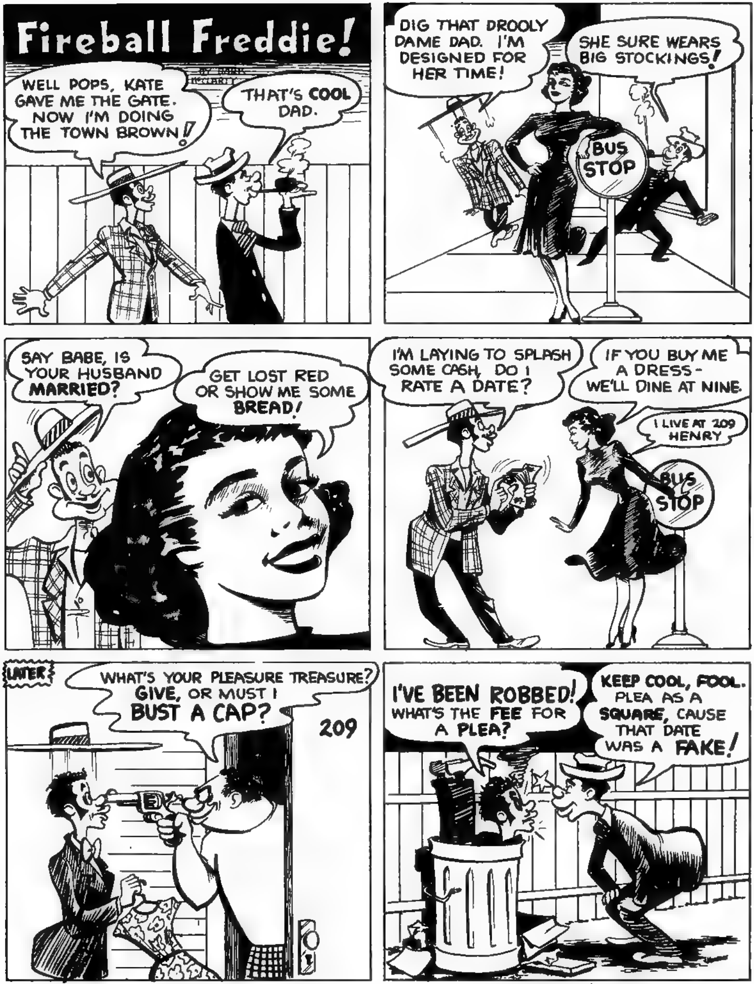
BACK AT HIS BACHELOR DIGS OUR ADVENTURER REVELS IN THE SWEET TASTE OF A SUCCESSFUL HUNT! ALL HER FINE JOCK-GIRL ENERGY AND HEALTH IS NOW HIS TO ENJOY! "SHALL I SKATE DOWN TO THE MARKET AND GET SOME MILK AND COOKIES FOR YOU, DARLING?" SHE HUMBLY ENTREATS. "SURE!" REPLIES THE COCKY SPORT, "AFTER YOU CARRY ME TO THE BEDROOM FOR A LI'L OL' ROLL IN THE HAY! HA HA!"

REAL GONE BLASTS FROM THE PAST DEPT:

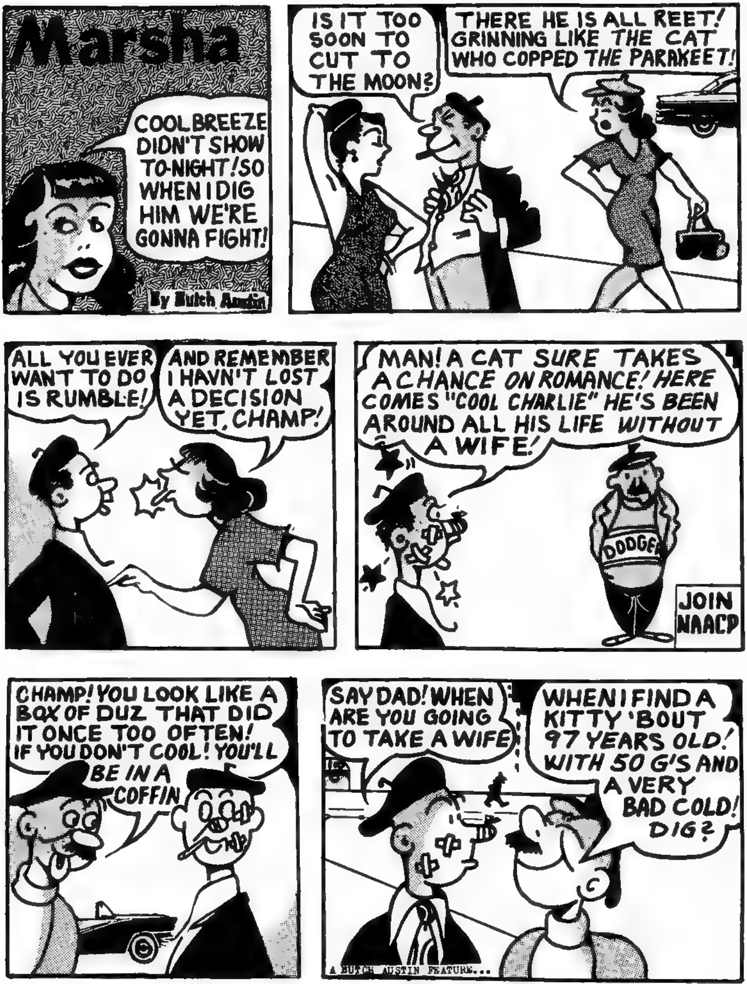
COMIC STRIPS BY BUTCH AUSTIN AND DORIS McCLARTY APPEARED FOR SEVERAL YEARS IN TWO NEGRO MAGAZINES, "HEP" AND "JIVE," PUBLISHED IN FORT WORTH, TEXAS. ANYONE KNOWING THE PRESENT ADDRESS OF EITHER OF THESE TWO ARTISTS, PLEASE WRITE SO I CAN PAY THEM !!


COOL ALLEY
BUTCH AUSTIN
GIVE ME A TASTE! AND I'LL MAKE IT A RACE!
CHAMP, I'LL TURN YOU ON! IF YOU'LL CUT BY "CURLEY'S" AND COP ME SOME CORN!
CURLEY'S CORN IS SO ON! YOU HAVE TO DRAW A PISTOL ON IT TO DRINK IT!
410
HI CURLEY! REDS SENT ME OVER FOR SOME MASH! I'VE GOT THE CASH! YOU DIG?
WELL ALL RIGHTIE!
ROCK AND ROLL
942
MAN, DO YOU NEED SOME AID? I NEED SOME MORE BRAID!
CHAMP! I'M NOT MAKING ENOUGH TO EVEN PAY THE COPS!
XX
GIVE ME A PLAY! AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY!
WHY DID YOU PUT THE ANCHOR IN THE TUB? I DON'T GET THE RUB!
WELL IF IT DON'T FLOAT! THE CORN AIN'T ON, DOC!
SEE IF THIS IS MELLOW, FELLOW!
CRASH!
SAY CHAMP! DOES THAT GUAGE NEED MORE AGE?
DON'T AGE IT! CAGE IT! 'CAUSE THE TIGER IS LOOSE!
A BUTCH AUSTIN FEATURE..

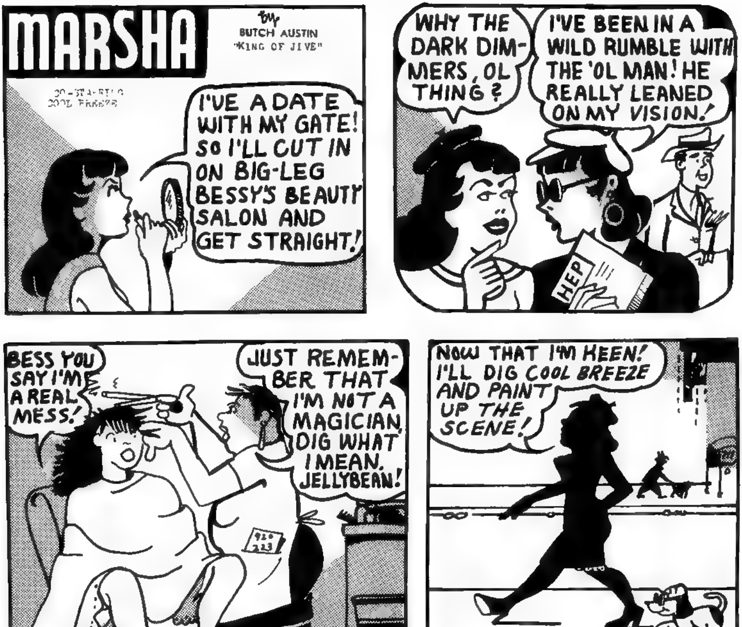
from "HEP," October, 1955


Fireball Freddie!
WELL POPS, KATE GAVE ME THE GATE. NOW I'M DOING THE TOWN BROWN!
THAT'S COOL DAD.
DIG THAT DROOLY DAME DAD. I'M DESIGNED FOR HER TIME!
SHE SURE WEARS BIG STOCKINGS!
BUS STOP
SAY BABE, IS YOUR HUSBAND MARRIED?
GET LOST RED OR SHOW ME SOME BREAD!
I'M LAYING TO SPLASH SOME CASH, DO I RATE A DATE?
IF YOU BUY ME A DRESS- WE'LL DINE AT NINE.
I LIVE AT 209 HENRY
BUS STOP
LATER
WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE TREASURE? GIVE, OR MUST I BUST A CAP?
209
I'VE BEEN ROBBED! WHAT'S THE FEE FOR A PLEA?
KEEP COOL, FOOL. PLEA AS A SQUARE, CAUSE THAT DATE WAS A FAKE!

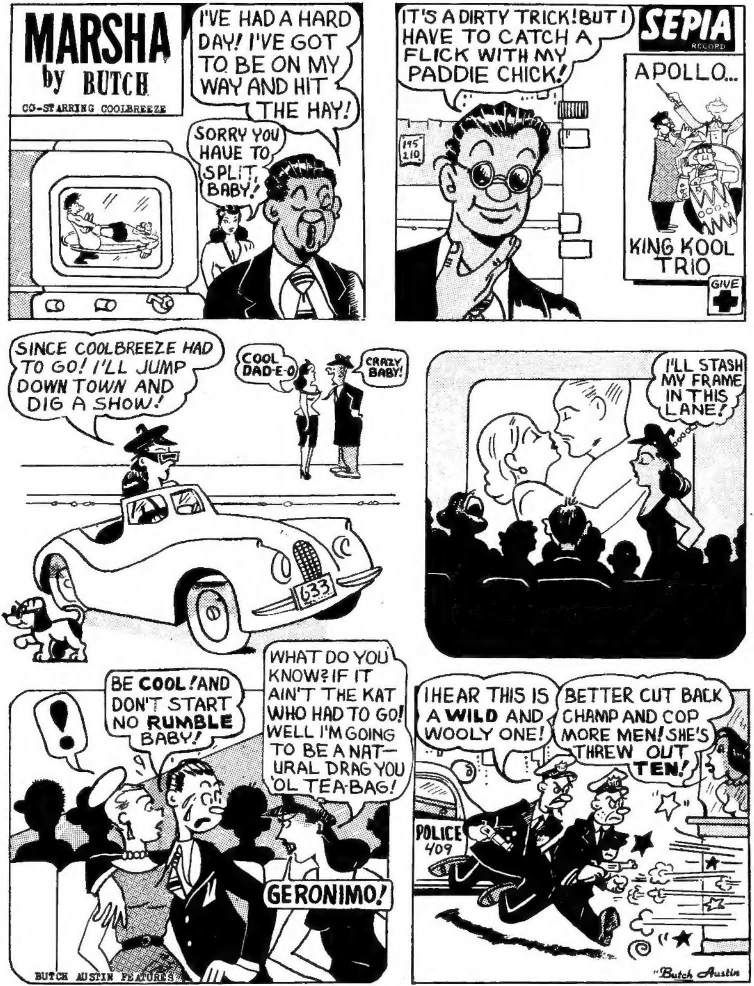
from "HEP", October 1955


Marsha
COOL BREEZE DIDN'T SHOW TO-NIGHT! SO WHEN I DIG HIM WE'RE GONNA FIGHT!
By Butch Austin
IS IT TOO SOON TO CUT TO THE MOON?
THERE HE IS ALL REET! GRINNING LIKE THE CAT WHO COPPED THE PARAKEET!
ALL YOU EVER WANT TO DO IS RUMBLE!
AND REMEMBER I HAVN'T LOST A DECISION YET, CHAMP!
MAN! A CAT SURE TAKES A CHANCE ON ROMANCE! HERE COMES "COOL CHARLIE" HE'S BEEN AROUND ALL HIS LIFE WITHOUT A WIFE!
DODGER
JOIN NAACP
CHAMP! YOU LOOK LIKE A BOX OF DUZ THAT DID IT ONCE TOO OFTEN! IF YOU DON'T COOL! YOU'LL BE IN A COFFIN
SAY DAD! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE A WIFE
WHEN I FIND A KITTY 'BOUT 97 YEARS OLD! WITH 50 G'S AND A VERY BAD COLD! DIG?
A BUTCH AUSTIN FEATURE...

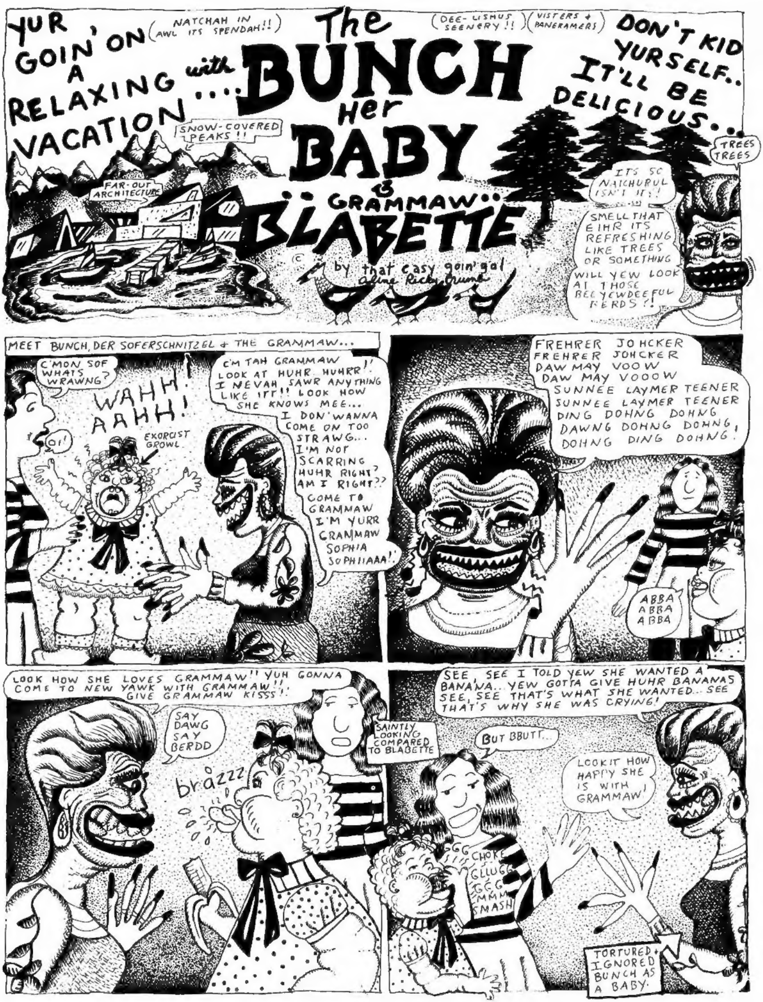
from "JIVE", March, 1956

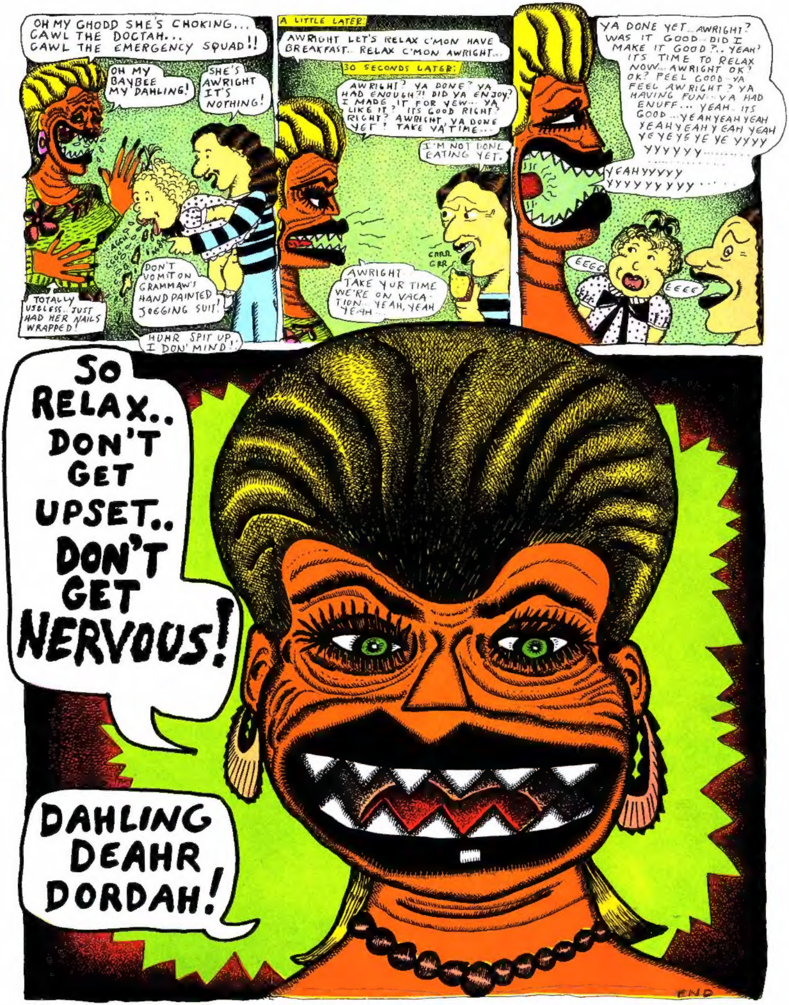

MARSHA
by BUTCH AUSTIN "KING OF JIVE"
CO-STARRING COOL BREEZE
I'VE A DATE WITH MY GATE! SO I'LL CUT IN ON BIG-LEG BESSY'S BEAUTY SALON AND GET STRAIGHT!
WHY THE DARK DIMMERS, OL THING?
I'VE BEEN IN A WILD RUMBLE WITH THE 'OL MAN! HE REALLY LEANED ON MY VISION!
HEP
BESS YOU SAY I'M A REAL MESS!
JUST REMEMBER THAT I'M NOT A MAGICIAN, DIG WHAT I MEAN, JELLYBEAN!
NOW THAT I'M KEEN! I'LL DIG COOL BREEZE AND PAINT UP THE SCENE!
BEFORE I DUG YOU I SPENT THREE HOURS AT THE BEAUTY PARLOR!
IT'S TOO BAD YOU HAD TO SPEND ALL THAT TIME AND THEY DIDN'T TAKE YOU!
?
DID YOU COP THE NUMBER OF THE TRUCK, OLD DUCK?
A BUTCH AUSTIN FEATURE....

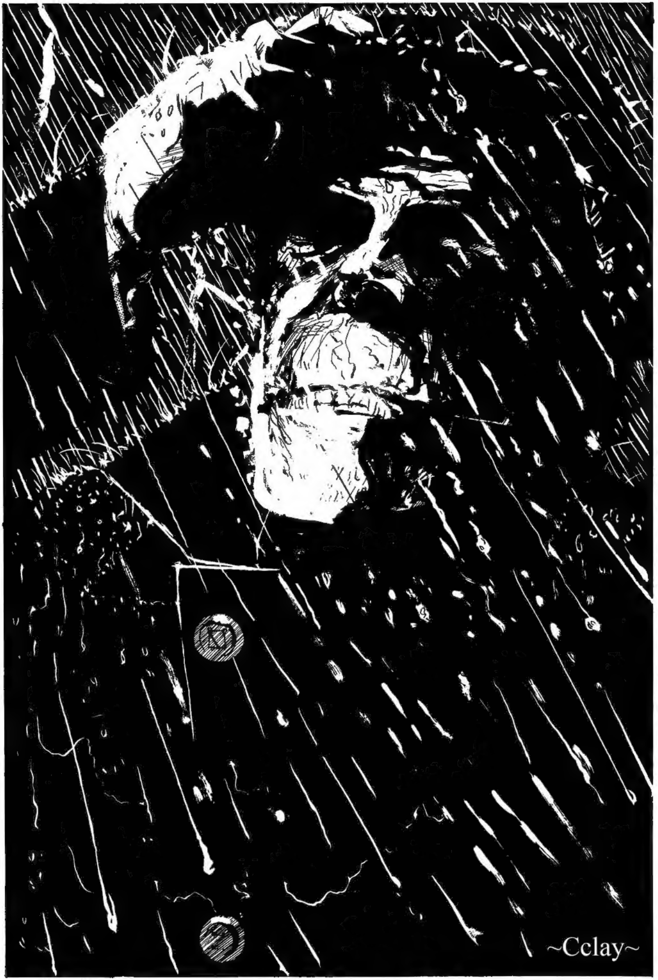
From "JIVE," June, 1956


MARSHA
by BUTCH
CO-STARRING COOLBREEZE
I'VE HAD A HARD DAY! I'VE GOT TO BE ON MY WAY AND HIT THE HAY!
SORRY YOU HAVE TO SPLIT, BABY!
IT'S A DIRTY TRICK! BUT I HAVE TO CATCH A FLICK WITH MY PADDIE CHICK!
SEPIA RECORD
APOLLO...
KING KOOL TRIO
GIVE
195 210
SINCE COOLBREEZE HAD TO GO! I'LL JUMP DOWN TOWN AND DIG A SHOW!
COOL DAD-E-O
CRAZY BABY!
633
I'LL STASH MY FRAME IN THIS LANE!
!
BE COOL! AND DON'T START NO RUMBLE BABY!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW? IF IT AIN'T THE KAT WHO HAD TO GO! WELL I'M GOING TO BE A NATURAL DRAG YOU 'OL TEA-BAG!
GERONIMO!
BUTCH AUSTIN FEATURES
I HEAR THIS IS A WILD AND WOOLY ONE!
BETTER CUT BACK CHAMP AND COP MORE MEN! SHE'S THREW OUT TEN!
POLICE 409
Butch Austin

from "JIVE", July, 1956


YUR GOIN' ON A RELAXING VACATION....
(NATCHAH IN AWL ITS SPENDAH!!)
The BUNCH with Her BABY & ..GRAMMAW.. BLABETTE
(DEE-LISHUS SEENERY!!)
(VISTERS + PANERAMERS)
DON'T KID YURSELF.. IT'LL BE DELICIOUS...
SNOW-COVERED PEAKS!!
FAR-OUT ARCHITECTURE
TREES TREES
IT'S SO NATCHURUL ISN'T IT?!
SMELL THAT EIHR ITS REFRESHING LIKE TREES OR SOMETHING
WILL YEW LOOK AT THOSE BEEYEWDEEFUL BERDS?!
© by that easy goin' gal Aline Ricky Krumb
MEET BUNCH, DER SOFERSCHNITZEL + THE GRAMMAW...
C'MON SOF WHAT'S WRAWNG?
WAHH! AAHH!
OI!
EXORCIST GROWL
I'M TAH GRAMMAW! LOOK AT HUHR HUHRR! I NEVAH SAWR ANYTHING LIKE ITT!! LOOK HOW SHE KNOWS MEE...
I DON' WANNA COME ON TOO STRAWG... I'M NOT SCARRING HUHR RIGHT? AM I RIGHT?? COME TO GRAMMAW I'M YURR GRANMAW SOPHIA SOPHIIAAA!
FREHRER JOHCKER FREHRER JOHCKER DAW MAY VOOW DAW MAY VOOOW SUNNEE LAYMER TEENER SUNNEE LAYMER TEENER DING DOHNG DOHNG DAWNG DOHNG DOHNG, DOHNG DING DOHNG!
ABBA ABBA ABBA
LOOK HOW SHE LOVES GRAMMAW!! YUH GONNA COME TO NEW YAWK WITH GRAMMAW!! GIVE GRAMMAW KISSS!
SAY DAWG SAY BERDD
brazzz
SAINTLY LOOKING COMPARED TO BLABETTE
SEE, SEE I TOLD YEW SHE WANTED A BANANA... YEW GOTTA GIVE HUHR BANANAS SEE, SEE THAT'S WHAT SHE WANTED... SEE THAT'S WHY SHE WAS CRYING!
BUT BBUTT...
LOOKIT HOW HAPPY SHE IS WITH GRAMMAW!
GGG CHOKE GLLUGG GGG MMM SMASH
TORTURED + IGNORED BUNCH AS A BABY.


OH MY GHODD SHE'S CHOKING... CAWL THE DOCTAH... CAWL THE EMERGENCY SQUAD!!
OH MY BAYBEE MY DAHLING!
SHE'S AWRIGHT IT'S NOTHING!
ACCCHGGGG
DON'T VOMIT ON GRAMMAW'S HAND PAINTED JOGGING SUIT!
TOTALLY USELESS.. JUST HAD HER NAILS WRAPPED!
HUHR SPIT UP, I DON' MIND!
A LITTLE LATER:
AWRIGHT LET'S RELAX C'MON HAVE BREAKFAST.. RELAX C'MON AWRIGHT...
30 SECONDS LATER:
AWRIGHT? YA DONE? YA HAD ENOUGH?! DID YA ENJOY? I MADE IT FOR YEW... YA LIKE IT? ITS GOOD RIGHT? RIGHT? AWRIGHT, YA DONE YET? TAKE YA'TIME...
I'M NOT DONE EATING YET.
CRRR GRR
AWRIGHT TAKE YUR TIME WE'RE ON VACATION... YEAH, YEAH YEAH...
YA DONE YET... AWRIGHT? WAS IT GOOD.. DID I MAKE IT GOOD?.. YEAH? ITS TIME TO RELAX NOW... AWRIGHT OK? OK? FEEL GOOD.. YA FEEL AWRIGHT? YA HAVING FUN.. YA HAD ENUFF... YEAH.. ITS GOOD ...YEAHYEAHYEAH YEAHYEAHYEAH YEAH YE YE YE YE YE YYYY YYYYYY........ YEAHYYYYY YYYYYYYYY.....
EEEE
EEEE
SO RELAX.. DON'T GET UPSET.. DON'T GET NERVOUS!
DAHLING DEAHR DORDAH!
END



Immortality Isn't Forever